

THE
ADVENTURES
IN
MADRID.

A
COMEDY,

As it is Acted at the Queens Theatre in
the Hay-Market.

By Her Majesty's Servants.

17th Century M. P. Pix

L O N D O N :

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ADVANTURES

OF

COMEDY

AND

BY HENRY MARTIN

To the Honourable

S^r. JACOB BANKS.

SIR,

TIS very natural for Persons who attempt things of this Nature, to lay hold on the smallest Occasion to claim the Protection of the Generous and Just. I have heard you commend *Spanish* Stories, and having ventur'd upon one, presume to offer it at your Feet. It is almost impossible for a Man of your Goodness and Character, to escape Addresses of this kind; for as the Sower and Morose despise the Muse, so she always flies them, a Clime too rough and tempestuous for her tender Pinions; but with Pleasure aspires to the Brave: And who more truly deserves that Epithet, than *Sr. Jacob Banks*?

One, who tho' not born a Native of *England*, yet, by his Zeal for the Glory of the Best of Queens, and constant Assertion for the Nation's Cause has Justly made this Country his own, unshaken to his Friend, and delighting to do kind Offices to all. I am entred upon a Theme which did I follow my Inclinations, I should not easily quit; but sometimes even Truth of-

fends.

The Epistle Dedicatory.

sends in so nice a Point as Praise; and Persons of Merit with less Pain *Do* great Actions, than hear of them. That you may still possess all Happiness, and long enjoy those Pledges of your Love left you by a Beauteous Wife, for whose Memory you retain such a Veneration and Tenderneſs, scarce to be met with in your Sex; that these, and all other Blessings may continually attend you, is the daily Wish of,

S I R,

Your most Humble,

and most Obedient Servant,

P R O.

PROLOGUE

Spoke by Mr. Booth.

TO hit your Taste we've try'd a thousand Ways
Pastorals, Operas, and some good Plays:
A House was built, the Lord knows what the Charge,
We find indeed the Structure proves too large;
That, nor the Season, stops our Diligence,
We still play on, tho' at our own Expence.
And like some Miser who has done his Best,
To furnish out one various Splendid Feast,
To little Trifles he at last descends,
And with whipt Cream and Froth Regales his Friends;
So we in Farce a Summer Present bring,
For once accept the humble Offering.
Good Humour sure, must reign in every Breast,
Whilst thus with Victory our Arms are blest?

Whilst —

In the Field the British Trumpets sound,
And each returning Tear is with new Conquests Crown'd;
Lewis grown Old in Falshood and Design,
Where Valour fail'd, supply'd his Force with Coin.
But our Great Chief upon the open Plain,
The Cause of injur'd Nations does maintain;
Snatches the Guilty Laurels France has worn,
Which justly now the Conqueror's Line adorn;
Who, like another Scipio leads us on,
And merits all the Wreaths the Romans Won.

F H T

Dramatis Personæ.

Men.

Gomez a very old cross Lord, ———	Mr. Freeman.
Gaylove a young English Gentleman, ———	Mr. Booth.
Bellmour the same, ———	Mr. Husbands.
Gusman Lover to Lisset, ———	Mr. Bowen.
Don Phillip Nephew to the Old Man ———	Mr. Cory.
Jo Servant to Bellmour, ———	Mr. Pack.
Pedro Servant to Gomez, ———	Mr. Fieldhouse.

Women.

Laura a Lady under Gomez care, ———	Mrs. Bracegirdle.
Clarinda Wife to Gomez, ———	Mrs. Barry.
Emilia Sister to Gaylove, ———	Mrs. Booman.
Lisset Friend to Laura and Clarinda who passes for an Eunuch, } ———	Mrs. Bicknel.
Beatrice Woman to Clarinda, ———	Mrs. Baker.
Page to Laura, ———	Miss. Porter.

THE

THE
Adventures in Madrid.

ACT. I. SCENE *Madrid, The
 Embassadour's House.*

*Enter Gay-love meeting Bellmour, Bellmour in a Spanish
 Habit.*

Gay. **S**AVE ye Don Bellmour as a Man may say, you are
 Equipt I see *a la Mode D'Espagne*. What canst thou
 mean by this ——— S'death I'd assoon change the
 Habit of thy Sex and wear the Womens Furbe-
 lows as these Dam'd Golilia's.

Bell. Behold what a pair of Spectacles my Rogue of a Tay-
 lor has brought me, a Sight of which I in a great Passion
 bid him look in my Face and guess it I wanted those Helps.
Don Thimble with the Gravity of a *Corrigidore* answer'd,
 'twas a Proof of Manhood not of Age, and by the solemn
 Oath of *St. Sago*, Swore not a Hero of fourteen durst pre-
 tend to a piece of Gallantry without these Magnifying Glasses,
 adorn'd his Nose and alter'd his Speech. (*puts them on*) Do
 ye understand me Friend.

Gay Rediculous ——— pr'ythee give them me; I'll carry
 them for a Present to an Old Decay'd Beauty of my Acquain-
 B quaintance

quaintance in *England*, who always uses Spectacles when she Patches.

Bell. I know who you mean ——— e'en Transport her my close Collar too; 'twill hide the Wrinkles of her Neck, for I am sure it pinches mine intollerably.

Gay. But for Heaven's sake tell me the Reason? When my Lord Ambassadour gives us our full Liberty, and Travailing in his Train as Relations and Men that design only to see the Country and not Inhabit in it; We I say, whose chief aim is Pleasure? Why we should put our selves in pain with the Formality of their incomprehensible Dress? Is indeed to me unaccountable Folly.

Bell. *Gay-love*, you mistake my End ——— 'tis to promote my Pleasure I have done it. I never yet Address'd a Woman but I cou'd hear the *Don* say to his Servants beware the *Englisbman*, watch him close, use your Pistol if he proceeds ——— so I resolve to Mimick their formal Gate, set Speech, and stiff Behaviour, and try what Luck I shall meet with then.

Gay. Go on and Prosper ——— for my part I have no reason to Complain of my Stars as I am ——— Not long ago I pass'd the Night in the Arms of a melting Beauty, tho' her Father lay Coughing over Head, and her snoring Brother in the next Room.

Bell. Have a care *Gay-love*, some of these Women will betray thee, and thou wilt meet instead of an Embrace, a Stab. ———

Gay. Fear not ——— Dangers seldom face the Bold ——— Cowards that fly them they often overtake ——— But hast thou no particular Amour, no *Belle Passione*, for which thy Life is Sacrific'd?

Bell. To confess the Truth I have ——— there is a Woman or rather an Angel, whose Eyes have power to animate the Dead, she has all the Sweetness, Grace and Majesty, that Nature ever yet bestow'd upon the Fair.

Gay. Now must I brag of my Mistress, tho' I have sworn to the contrary. ——— nay, nay, hold ye Friend, I have a Lady shall Shine with her for the best Jewel in the King of *Spains* Coronet.

Bell.

Bell. Impossible.

Gay. Go on, go on, we'll not Quarrel, like Mr. Bay's Heroes whose Damsel is the Handsomest.

Bell. But this Cherubim of mine has such an old Fiend for her Guardian, ugly as a Monster, and his ill Nature, you may read without my Spectacles, who like a cruel Cerberus as he is, forbids all that approach, only by stol'n Glances from her talking Eyes I fancy my self not disagreeable to her, this is the occasion of my Habit, and for the same Reason *Jo* is lac'd up to his Chin, and now gone to find me out — a Man whom we must receive like a Grandee, but is indeed. —

Gay. a Pimp. — Hearke *Bellmour*, you shall lend him me if he is Ingenious.

Bell. O a very *Mercury* — He is at your Service, I'll share all my good Fortune with thee but my Mistress. Now *Gay-love*, as I have dealt thus openly, I expect the same Freedom, and one Reason that makes me so inquisitive, I fear from thy wild volatile Temper, thou wilt run into inevitable Danger, I find thee often absent and must know the Adventure.

Gay. Your Demand has so much kindness in it I cannot deny you — I have a particular Mistress too; whose Beauty I shall not enlarge upon, 'tis sufficient she Charms me, I have often met her at St. *Dominicks* Chappel.

Bell. Why thither my Mistress comes too.

Gay. She has more Wit in her Conversation than in my Life I ever found in the Sex, but her Positive Command is always Secrecy, should she know I told it but to thee, who wer't thou Malicious, can do her nor me no harm in it, I dare swear she would never forgive me; she cries Men of your Country are such Blabs, and one step towards a Discovery for ever loses her.

Bell. I do not like so much Caution, I should fear some Design.

Gay. 'Tis not my Nature to suspect — besides I love Intreagues that are not bare-fac'd, now here's Room for my Fancy to work, I can suppose her a Princess, and fill my Head

with a Thousand pleasant Chimera's; Oh there's nothing so Delightful as to have one's Mind full !

Bell. Do you neither know her Name nor where she Lives.

Gay. No, all our Meetings are by her own Contrivance and I am happy in obeying.

Bell. Well, I wish you success, but pray be careful. How do you like *Don Philip*, who joyn'd us in our Voyage ; the Ambassadour's Invitation I find pleases him, I believe he is in our Condition, in Love ; the Beauty of fair *Emilia* your Sister, makes him remain with us and continue unknown in *Madrid*.

Gay. What his Reasons for his Disguise are I know not, but I assure you I think him a Man of a good Understanding and a generous Disposition, nor can I help liking him extremely.

Bell. He Deserves it ——— see here he comes my Man, and with him the Person I spoke of.

Enter Jo and Gusman bowing all the way.

Jo. *Don* these are the Gentlemen, who beg your Assistance (*aside*) the Devil take his Civility, my damn'd *Spanish* Cloaths are so stiff I cannot bend my Body.

Bell. *Don*, being Strangers in this Country and our Business Pleasure ——— we have a desire under your Conduct to sport away some Hours with the Ladies, but knowing that affair difficult in *Madrid*, we have been directed to you as a Person of an admirable Genius and unequal Cunning.

Gus. Sir, I have had the Honour to Serve two Cardinals and as many Abbots and never fail'd.

Gay. How, Cardinals and Abbots, I doubt you are mistaken *Bellmour*, we rather want one that has serv'd a Libertine.

Gus. Oh fy, fy Sir ! They can help themselves, 'tis your close Sinners require my Aid.

Gay. Worthy *Don*, I am Convinc'd and crave your Name.

Gus. My Appellation is, *Alonzo de Mendez de Antonia Ferdinando de Gusman*.

Jo. Ay, there's a Name, how sneakingly Poor *Jo* sounds to it.

Bell.

Bell. Noble *Don Gusman*, our first Request is, that you wou'd accept an Acknowledgment (*gives Gold*) And next that, you would Vouchsafe to instruct this Novice here in Love Affairs, teach him to be useful in this Jealous Country, to Deliver a Letter, Dog a Lady, Deceive (if occasion offers) a Privy Councillour ——— for we are at present in great Perplexities.

Gay. Ay faith, two Gyplices have run away with our Hearts, and not left so much as a Track for a Hue and Cry.

Gus. I'll do my best, but is he docible, is he apt.

Jo. Hearkee, Hearke pray Mr. *Don* with a hard Name, do not lead me into Plots and Priminaries: I have had one hearty Drubbing already, for following a Damsel of Darknes, as black as the Devil who set me on.

Gay. You Rogue, 'twas I bid you do it.

Jo. Ah Sir, I believe the Old Gentleman Tempted your Worship, so he imploy'd your Humble Servant at second Hand; Providence send me into Merry little *England* again ——— where I cou'd Pick up a Lady at the Play-house, carry her Home, and have her Husband invite me to Supper.

Bell. You Pick up a Lady Raskal ———

Jo. Yes Sir I, finer things than these black Flippits with Death and Destruction about them.

Gus. In that Cold Country as I have heard, it requires no Art, no Invention to compass the Fair One; which renders the pursuit Flat and Insipid, here every Faculties imploy'd. This heightens the Joy and inhances the Value of that Possession which costs so dear.

Gay. *Don Gusman's* an Oracle.

Jo. Ay but these Dainties are only fit meat for my Masters, why shou'd I share the Danger that want no such Relish. I can eat heartily of Venison if 'tis set before me, without the Pain of Riding over Hedge or Ditch to run it down.

Bell. Hold your Tongue Sirrah --- and if you have a wretched smattering towards Wit, imploy it in practising under this worthy Man.

Gus. Gentlemen let me hear the Case of each, tho' at present I confess my self in whimsical Circumstances having the
Lady

Lady to whom I have vow'd my Heart in Durance vile, for I am in Love my Noble Patrons — 'tis that improves the Soul, and elevates the Fancy, this Fellow must be in Love — he'll be good for nothing else.

Jo. Mr. *Don* as I called ye before, I desire you would let me alone. — and know this I'd chuse to be hang'd at my own *English* Tyburn ee'r I'd venture being knock'd on the Head, for a Rawbon'd — *Spanish* —

Bell. Peace *Varlet* or I'll be worse to thee than all thy Fears, Know thou Machiavel for such I esteem thee at Intrigues, we intend to be this Afternoon at *St. Dominicks* where we have both beheld these Beautiful Visions — but mine is pursu'd close as her own Shadow by Age, and Deformity, in the wretched Figure of a crooked Old Man; now my desire is you'd take off this odious spy — or at least learn who he is — and because I know you are a Man of urgent and pressing Occasions, make this Blockhead of mine necessary.

Jo. Good Sir, let him have the Glory of the Work to himself, I am not Ambitious.

Gus. Sir conclude your Business done, now I attend to receive your Instructions.

Gay. Faith I must have them first, from my invinsible, I hope you are to be found upon occasion — or so.

Gus. I can't promise yee that, for I-long to be confin'd in Walls of Stone and Gates of Brass — O my *Lisset*.

Jo. Ah unfortunate *Jo.* what will become of Thee now, must I in a strange Country follow the *Capricio's* of a Madman, with his Gates of Stone and Walls of Brass.

Gus. Fear not, I will leave thee in safety, and meet you at the Place appointed. Come along *Poltron* and let me infuse into thee Cunning and Courage.

Jo. Do if thou canst, I defy all thy Wisdom to make me Couragious, I leave that to my Betters — I was born a Coward I don't care who knows it, and hope to dye in a whole Skin, why do you think I was a serving Man else for wages Fellow — if I had been plagu'd with Courage I'd have been a Soldier Man but I love Peace, Laziness and good Eating.

Bell.

Bell. Leave your Speeches Sirrah and march after your Leader.

Jo. I am sure if it is any Wickedness, 'twill never prosper, for I shall say my Prayers vehemently.

Gus. Come along Coward. — Gentlemen I am your Humble Servant.

Both. Don we are wholly Yours. *(Exit Gusman)*

Jo. comes back.

Jo. Why how do I know where He is carrying me now.

Bell. If thou dost not go this very Moment, my Sword shall set the forward Fool !

Jo. I am gone, I am gone, poor Dear *Jo*, what will become of thee, I say what will be thy Hard Lot.

Bell. Sirrah !

Jo. Well, well good bye — ah, ah. *(Shakes his Head)*

Gay. This Fellow will never do any good.

Bell. 'Tis the only one I dare trust, the Ambassador's Servants are too much in awe to meddle with these Affairs.

Enter a Boy.

Boy. Sir *Don Philip* craves a Word with you.

Bell. We attend Him — then to our Amours,

Hereafter we'll be very Grave and Wise

Now we'll be gay, Love laughs in youthful Eyes.

Gay. Nor will we stop in the Delightful Race,

Whilst we have strength and vigour for the Chase.

(Exeunt)

The SCENE changes into a Garden-House in the Palace of Don Gomez.

Enter Clarinda and Beatrice.

Cla. Beatrice where is *Donna Laura*.

Bea. In that part of the Garden-House, that joyns to the Ambassador's Madam.

Cla.

Cla. Tell her I am for a few Moments got rid of my Tyrant, and beg her Conversation to relieve my Spirits, sunk with the Weight of continual Torments.

Bea. Madam I see her coming —

Cla. 'Tis well; now I have lost my poor *Lisset*, whose innocent Mirth reviv'd me, my own Thoughts are only sad Companions.

Bea. Ay, that Corrigidore was a great Rogue I am sure, and 'twas more in fear of my Lord's Anger, than out of any Love to Justice he committed her to Prison for only coming in at the Garden-Gate.

Cla. Poot Creature, I long to know how she bears her Confinement, *Donna Laura* promis'd me to send to her, she can Command her Servants, I dare not mine.

Bea. Madam, she is here.

Enter Laura and Lisset in Boy's Cloaths.

Lau. I have brought you a Present, my Melancholy Dear, that I am sure will please you.

Cla. What Youth is this? — Ha! My *Lissetta* thus Disguis'd.

Liff. The very same and your humble Creature ever.

Cla. My better Angel, how cou'd thou do this.

Lau. Mony my Dear — Mony — Mony got *Lisset* out of Prison, Mony got this Habit, Mony makes those very Servants, which your Monster of a Husband, and my *Argus* of a Brother design'd for Cruel Spies; become my humble Slaves, and I dare affirm Mony is that Philosopher's Stone, the Grave Studying Fellows meant, and the New, hunt in vain after — for there is no Proof against it's Power; it makes the Old Young, it Conquers Towns without Soldiers, alters the Decrees of Senates, raises Towers from the Dust that touch the Skies; in fine, it is that Golden Elixer, that Spirit of Life, the Old Dons kept such a work about.

Cla. You are always Chearful — but my *Lisset* I have Mourn'd extreamly for thee, how hast thou pass'd thy time in that loathsome Place.

Liff.

Liss. Why I Sung to one Madam, talk'd to another, and manag'd my self so, that I had the good Fortune to please the whole wretched Crew, they in return endeavour'd to make my Confinement easie, and when this good Lady Brib'd my Keeper for my Escape, tho' they all Griev'd, they promis'd heartily to conceal my Enlargement.

Cla. Dear *Laura*, Faithful *Lisset*.

Lau. There is no doubt but we are very glad to have her again — but now *Clarinda*, let us fall upon our own Affairs — You know my time is very short — my Jealous Brother, who plac'd me here, hoping your more Jealous Husband would be a secure Guard, and his Palace as safe as a Prison is, returning from *Granada* to morrow Night, than I am to be condemn'd to a Twin Brother of your odious Husband's, instead of having a charming Young Thing, always coming near me, Gay and Chirping like a Nightingale; I must be warn'd of his approach, by a hideous uhha, uhha (Coughs) and plagu'd with inquiries if his Flannels be dry, since last Night, when his Ptisick put him into a Convulsion, no rather than I'll Marry him I'll Kill my self.

Liss. Heaven forbid! That sweet Temper should harbour such a cruel Thought.

Lau. Why dost thou think I'de indure such a Bedfellow as *Don Gomez*?

Liss. Nay, my Lady has the Comfort of a seperate Bed, and he don't trouble her often, for in all my Time, I never hear'd the Door Unbolt.

Lau. Why! Hast thou a Bolt to the inside my Love.

Cla. Yes, yes I am secure enough a Nights, but he is revenged on me by Day, — whilst you can Steal out to what Church or Chappel you please, and poor I must always have him my Jaylor at my Heels, methinks your Life's as pleasant as your Heart can desire, for all your Brother's Severity as you manage it.

Lau. True, and I have more Conveniencies than you Imagine, *Clarinda* observe sometimes great Politick's shoot wide of the Mark, as he did when he took that Maxim — I shou'd command what Money I pleased, least others shou'd tempt me with the shining Dross — this is an Ingredient as I

told you before ; with which I purchase some Stol'n Delights as a little Ramble, a good deal of Harmless Chit Chat, and such Trifles as our sex (especially when they are lock't up are fond of — but now 'tis Ten to One whether an Old Husband prove of this Liberal Disposition, therefore I am resolved for Freedom.

Cla. And Mr. *Gay-love* the Ambassador's Kinsman is to be assistant in the Grand Affair — ha.

Lau. That's more than he knows, I am very angry with him, and that he shall know — he has broke my commands, but my Dear there's another handsome Fellow that's always with the Ambassadour's Kinsman — You Blush.

Cla. No —

Liss. Ah Duce on him, 'twas parleying with him, caused me to be shut out of the Garden Gate, bless me, what a fright I was in when my Key wou'd not open the Door and and I heard old Ruttle in the Throat *Don Gomez* on the other side —

Cla. But *Laura*, how shall we contrive to Conceal her, now we have got her agen ; Oh Heavens ! He is coming [*Noise without the back way*] in and there's no Escaping.

Lau. What shall we do ?

Liss. Fear nothing Ladies, I'll remember, I did wear an Apron and find some excuse, I warrant ye his blind Eyes will ne'er discover me in this Dress, I remember I put once *Gusman* upon him for my self.

Lau. Ah poor *Gusman* I dare say, he is in Dispair for thee.

Liss. Now I shall try his Love, first here comes Old Satan I'll stand back and Invent.

Enter Gomez.

Go. So got together Caballing, Contriving, Plotting, — ha.

Lau. We have been studying indeed. —

Go. Mischief I warrant.

Lau. No, a thing we could not find out, even what Old Men are good for.

Go.

Go. Confidence to my Face — well thy Brother left me all the Plagues of *Egypt*, when he gave me thee in charge — ha, what have we here (Sees Lisset) a thing in Breeches, what's your Name, what's your Business, what are you ha?

Liss. What am I Sir — I am a Man and no Man, I bear the outward Figure of a Man, but in Reality am an Eunuch. —

Go. An Eunuch, good lack — how came you hither.

Liss. [*aside to Laura.*] Ay Madam how came I hither — now help me out.

Lau. Why my Brother sent him from *Granada* as he was going to the Grand Seignior.

Liss. [*Aside*] Oho, did he so!

Lau. I suppose it is some cross piece; else I shou'd not have had the Present.

Go. Ods me an Eunuch! That's not amiss, and what are you good for I pray? —

Liss. To Watch Virgins and Spoil Intreagues.

Go. Humph, that's very well

Liss. I'll tell you Sir; I was chief Eunuch to the *Beglerbeg* of *Tunis* — I got the good Will of him, and the ill Will of his whole Female Seraglio — Odsso, if I saw but the least Inclination, ay the smallest Symptom — You understand me my Lord — I plagu'd them till the Fools took up with Wall and Oatmeal and never thought of a Man-a-gain.

Go. A useful Fellow this is — Odsme I begin to grow fond of him.

Lau. And why did you not stay in your Seraglio at *Tunis*? we had Torments enough without you.

Go. Madam pray hold your Peace, he speaks like an Honest Person — Friend what may I call you?

Liss. *Liscias* my Lord, — *Don Lewis* who bought me at *Granada*, said there were here two dangerous slippery Females; I have found them out, and my Lord if I don't manage them, till I make them as Lean as Skelitons and as Cross as Crooked Maids of Fifty, Condemn me to the Gallies instead of a Reward.

Cla. Here's a Rogue now.

Go. O he is a Treasure.

Liss. I have Letters by way of Recommendation in my Portmantua, from your Devoted Friend *Don Lewis*.

Go. Those at leasure I will peruse.

Lau. [*Aside*] But I must Counterfeit them first, and that I can do old *Don*.

Go. *Liscias* thou art Welcome — why have we not Eunuchs in *Spain*? Oh 'tis an admirable Custom and useful Policy — Odso, I believe it upholds the *Turkish* Empire — for when these she Devils Converse publicly, they will meddle in Politicks and always do Mischief — these are the Women — canst thou undertake them? — Ha! — canst thou?

Liss. Two — I only wish there had been two and Twenty; I look'd to five and Forty at the *Beglerbeg's*, and not one had the opportunity to steal a Glance in my whole Government.

Go. Happy Man to meet with such a Blessing, Why han't we Eunuchs in *Spain*? I say, why have we no Eunuchs.

Lau. We have abundance of Old Men, and that's much the same thing.

Go. Well, well *Mrs. Pert*, I hope to see you Married to one to morrow.

Lau. That's more than I deserve, and you have less.

Go. How's that?

Lau. Why you deserve to have Horns — Horns over those Glasses, I mean your Spectacles and false Eye — but your Wife's too Virtuous.

Go. Hear you this Mr. Eunuch, let me intreat you to be Careful — I can scarce trust any Body — I had a vile Baggage, an instrumental Baggage, *Lisset* they call'd her, but she's safe enough, she shall not leave her strong Hold, till I send her to the *West Indies* to play her Tricks there.

Liss. [*Aside*] What do I hear? How my Heart akes.

Cla. You punish her because she Lov'd me.

Lau. Ay you'll suffer some unmerciful Judgment for that Barbarity, you will so ye Old — ye *Adam's* Grandfather, ye will.

Go.

Go. No matter for that — I shou'd have suffer'd an Unmerciful one if she had been at Liberty.

Liss. Hang her Hilding — let us mind our own Business.

Go. Well said my Dear Eunuch — I am not so Old neither as these Tormenters would make me *Liscias*, 'tis true my Sight's bad, that's the worst of me Dear *Liscias*, and these Crocodiles know it and abuse me beyond all bearing.

Liss. I know it too — or I were in a sweet Condition
[aside.

Go. Well Gentlewomen — as you dread being Lock'd up for three — I charge you be Civil to my Eunuch — my Dear Eunuch.

Clu. Monster. —

Go. He can make no Monster Mistress, that's your Grief I suppose — um, this good Fortune has given me more ease than I have known this twelve Month — I will Petition the King and Council that we may have a Colony of these useful and yet not dangerous Signs of Men; odso, it was the wisest thing *Don Lewis* ever did to send him — Our *Duenna's* have a Remembrance of past Pleasures, and receive Delight in beholding Wickedness, the Sparks revive and glow their o'd, old Wanton Veins, to see the Love and fooleries of Youth, but an Eunuch —

Liss. Hates what he never can possess upon my Word, my Lord.

Go. True my Dear *Liscias*, 'tis natural, come my best Guardian and Regale with me thou sha't want for nothing but — but —

Liss. I understand you my Lord — yet must ask your Pardon there — if you trust the Woman with me, I shall never have them out of my sight, I thank ye Sir I know them too well.

Lau. So we are to have a perpetual Plague I find.

Go. How won't thou not go with me?

Liss. No my good Lord — why we had a young Woman once (indeed it was her first Love, and then they are very eager) and what do think she did.

Go.

Go. By'th Mafs I know not ——— what did ſhe do *Liſcias* ——— what did ſhe do.

Liſſ. Knew'd away through an Iron Bar with her Teeth.

Lau. Ha, ha, ha they were very good Teeth I aſſure ye.

Go. No ſhe was ſharp ſet ——— Madam ——— Monſtrous Woman. ———

Liſſ. Then another time, we tryed Wooden Bars, and a furious Damsel got them aſunder with her *French* Twizers ——— therefore I'll not undertake them if my Eyes be not their Guard.

Go. Prodigious Care ——— well ——— well take thy own Way ——— odſo we muſt confer longer.

Liſſ. We will, we will, but now leave me to give them Inſtructions.

Go. Do, do, tell them the Vanity of Love — farewel Jewel.

Cla. I am enjoyn'd by my Confeſſour to go to Day to St *Dominicks* Chappel.

Go. I'll be with you again by that time, your Confeſſour ah he is good for nothing but to promote Opportunities. I believe he loves to make Work for Confeſſion ——— *Liſcias* let your Documents be very ſevere my Dear Man of I'ce, let 'em be ſharp I ſay ———

Liſſ. Vinegar and Gall I promiſe you.

Go. Very well, good bye, by'th Maſs 'tis very well ——— however I'll lock the Door, for all my new Favourite.

(*Exit Gomez and locks the Door.*)

Lau. I thought ſo but I am provided for ye.

Cla. My Dear *Eunuch*. (*kiffes her*)

Liſſ. It muſt be an *Eunuch* indeed, ſuch a Kiſs wou'd not warm.

Lau. Odſo, I think we are happy by'th Maſs as the Old Man ſays we are. Huſſy how durſt you call your ſelf ſo near your own Name.

Liſſ. 'Twas at my Tongues End Madam.

Cla. Now employ that wondrous Stock of Wit Heaven has beſtowed upon you, ſtretch thy Invention Girl and before to morrow ſet us free.

Lau. Can you be free.

Cla.

Cl. That time shall try; let's make a busie Day perhaps I may get Courage to tell ye strange things e'er Night begins her Sable Reign.

Lau. Romantick; I am sure I long to be upon the Wing, nay out of sight, before my Tyrant Brother seizes me.

Liss. And truly Ladies I can't help thinking a little of my own Love — forgive me, your Favour makes me bold.

Both. We love thee Dear *Lisset*.

Liss. I believe these Cloaths, and a Patch on my Forehead would conceal me, even from *Gusman*. I am resolved now I am got in Breeches, I'll make all the use I can of them; I dare venture any thing, my first Attempt succeeds so well.

Lau. We'll in, and Consult.

'Tis Liberty's each Mortals chief Delight
The Sovereign Good to which all plead a Right,
My Friend when Liberty and Love inspires
We cannot fail to compass our Desires.

(*Exeunt*)

The End of the first Act.

A C T. II.

Enter Don Philip and Pedro.

Don Philip. **I** Sit possible there shou'd be such a Villain in the World as *Don Gomez*; but why should I wonder at it, when he hir'd the very Men that carryed me to the *Indies* to kill me, which one amongst them discovering — I to prevent his further practises, sent the Fellow that proved Honest, back; to assure him of my Death, till I cou'd find means to get with safety into *Spain* to claim my Right.

Ped. Upon the welcome News of your Death, he immediately seiz'd your Estate, and poor *Clarinda* whom he has us'd as I told you.

Don Phil. Viper! But you say he stands in Fear of the Archbishop of *Toledo*, and dares not proceed further.

Ped. No I think he will not; till he is got into the *West-Indies*, which is his full Design, as soon as he can get his Effects into Money.

Don Phil. *Clarinda's* going I shall take care to prevent, in the mean time faithful *Pedro* be secret in my return — I shall reward thee.

Ped. I'de Dye e'er I reveal a Word against the Noble Youth, whom from his Infancy I have lov'd.

Phil. I do believe thee — but now withdraw I expect Company.

Ped. The Powers protect yee.

*Exit Pedro**Enter Emilia and a Lady.*

Phil. Ladies your Servants.

Em. Is your Comfort ready? This Lady and I, at your Desire are come to hear it; but where's my Brother and Kinsman? Did you not tell us they promised to be with you.

Phil.

Don Phil. Faith and so they did heartily; but I hope the Fair Sex of that Nation are stricter in the Engagements than the Gentlemen, for they often serve me thus.

Em. That dear Brother of mine is so wild, and in this Country 'tis so dangerous, that I am in a continual Fear for him.

Don Phil. 'Tis pity any passion shou'd possess that dear Snow'y Bosom, but melting Love ——— your Eyes have given me.

Em. Hold *Don Phillip* ——— you know you promised to learn our *English* Customs, and conform to those, now as our Women allow all Innocent Diversions, and frequently converse with Men ——— yet they are cautious how they listen to the Tale of Love; Consider, long before they trust their Hearts, and give that dear priz'd Freedom from them.

Phil. I'll do what ever you command, if you kindly will construe all I as meant to express my Love.

Enter a Boy.

Boy. Sir the Musick's ready.

Em. Pray let them begin for we cannot stay long from the Ambassador's Lady.

Phil. Bid them enter.

Songs and Dances.

After Musick enter Gay-Love out of Breath.

Gay. What is the Musick done ——— I swear I have run like a contending Chairman to be with you.

Em. You have lost a good Entertainment I assure ye, pray where have you been in this great Hurry.

Gay. Oh Sister upon the most foolish Adventure.

Em. So they are all in my Opinion.

Gay. I followed a woful Chase, as it proved ——— up one Street and down another, using all my Rhetorick to a Hoodwinck'd Gentlewoman to unvail; I cannot behold the Women shut up like a Hackney Coach, but I must long to see
D the

the inside, if I were to be hang'd; at last after intreating, vowing, protesting and all that, in a Tone that gave me the first Fright. Be quiet impertinent said she, and let me alone (mimicking an Old Womans Voice without Teeth) then throw'd up her Vail, and showed me fourscore and five.

All. Ha, ha, ha, ha.

Gay. At which I ran as if the Devil drove me, and lost my Breath as you saw.

Phil. But what's become of *Belmour*?

Gay. Oh I tipped him the wink, to leave me, when I undertook this notable Design — and where he is I know not.

Em. I hope upon such another, I wou'd have you meet with nothing but with Disappointments to cure your wildness.

Gay. Oh your servant Sister that won't do; I have a Mistress, and she has Rosy Cheeks, Sparkling Eyes, Cherry Lips, and an Alabaster Skin, which she her self discover'd with an *Ecce Signum Monseir*.

Em. Fie, fie, well but now you have recovered your Breath, I'll tell you what you shall do, for your Punishment in being absent when Relations come to visit you.

Gay. Ay Relations — you know Sister. —

Em. Yes, yes, I know you, but you shall sing us a Song, Sir do you hear that.

Gay. Pshaw I have none but rambling Songs, your Gravity won't like.

Em. Well for once I'll dispense with my Gravity rather than your Performance.

Gay. Say you so — have at you then.

A Song by a Gentleman, sung by Mr. Laurence.

*Bright Cloe first, with Love inflam'd my Heart;
The Subtle Lightning Flew thro' every part,
Pleasures unknown before, my Soul Surprise,
For all the Grace's triumph'd in her Eyes.
In all she did, in every thing she said,
Some nice peculiar Beauty was displayed.*

Thus

*Thus was I charm'd; but soon the cruel Fair,
My Hopes deceiv'd, and doom'd me to despair.
No Arts prevail'd, to conquer her disdain:
I beg'd, and sigh'd, and vow'd, but all in vain.*

Second Movement.

*As the Curse I lamented of being deny'd;
Gay Cupid descending, fond lover, he cry'd.
Never languish beneath a coy Womans disdain,
Love was meant for a Pleasure, and not for a Pain;
And when e'er a proud Heart does forbid you to enter:
Give it o're, and search out for another Adventure.
This Advice like a Cordial reliev'd my sick Mind;
So I went to Larissa the Gentle, the Kind:
To her with what ease I my Passion reveal'd!
For she met me half-way; so we sign'd and we seal'd.
But profuse of her Favours she granted so fast,
Love's Riot was grown too expensive to last.
So I left the fond Fool, tho' a Fool of my making,
And attended Love's call for a new undertaking.*

Third Movement.

*Thus, thus the cruel and the kind,
Can never fix my roving Mind.
The one torments, the other Cloys;
And each the tast of Love destroys.
But he, that will his blis improve,
Is true to change as well as Love.
And like a Bee, collects his Sweets,
From every Fragrant Flower he meets.
Then hear me love, propitious, be,
And give me Dear variety.*

A Song.

Em. [after the Song] Go you are very Wicked why you'll never recommend your self to our Sex if you profess inconstancy.

Gay. And that's strange now they shou'd not like what they daily practise.

One enters and whispers Emilia.

Em. I must leave you my Aunt has sent for me, come Madam. *Don Philip* accept our Thanks for the excellent Musick

Phil. Oh Madam mention it not ; my concealment in *Madrid* hinders me from performing what I wou'd have done
—— Ladies give me Leave to wait on you thro' the Lodgings. ——

Em. My Brother will I suppose save you the Trouble.

Gay. No, no, let him, let him, I must stay here.

Em. Well, thou art a sad young Rouse. *(Exeant.)*

Phil. Your Servant.

Gay. Oh your Servant, your Servant, wait of a Sister Quoth he —— when one's Head's as full of Intrigues as it can hold. Not yet three. *(looks on his Watch.)*

Oh how how I long to go to Church —— *Gusman* and *Bellmour's* Blockhead to meet me at the Corner by the great Cross right. *(looks on his Table Book)*

A Letter tied to a Stone, drops at his Feet, he takes it up and looks about.

Ha what have we here? Not a Message from above, I hope to stop my Carreer —— no, no, 'tis a Womans Hand, that never dropt from the Sky, I am sure —— Humph -- what's this?

*A Leter.
Reads.*

You are a perfidious, perjured, (so) odious tittle tattle Englishman (very well) did not I charge you to be secret and silent (ay so yo did that's true) and have not you like a false Villain and a Traytor (Ha she has a good Hand at calling Names Ple say that for Her) told Bellmour all you knew (Ha) therefore the fairy Treasures Vanish'd — Go lye between your Coughing Father, and Snoring Brother, but expect no more to engage with a Woman of Honour — Blab — well extreamly well but who told her this now? Why none but Bellmour for only to him 'twas told — Ha! a sudden thought undoes me, it must be the same Woman he follows — but then How poor he is to sacrifice the Secrets of his Friend to buy a Favour at my Expence — fair one you mistake Bellmour's the Traytor and a Villain.

Enter Bellmour.

Bell. What's that my Friend?

Gay. Do not prophane the Name — all other Countries, even those we hold the meanest, protect Love and maintain their Fellow Country men — only the English whose delight is to undermine, backbite and betray — They worship strangers but not ruine one another. Draw —

Bell. What Means this Accusation — Draw — art thou Mad.

Gay. No; but there's something thou hast done — so much beneath the Name of Friend that I resolve to cut the Union, nor ever trust a Man again. Draw I say.

Bell. Pr'ythee be quiet and tell me the Occasion of this Frenzy.

Gay. There's no Room for expostulation when there can be no excuse — Defend thy self for I shall give no Limits to my Passion; let me not mistrust another Vice which thou'd indeed attend thy Crime — Cowardise.

Bell.

Bell. Ha Young Man thy Tongue may give me Wounds
may smart too much ——— and raise thy Folly as high as
thine

Gay. You see I stand prepared to prevent then the Gallig
suspition; dally no longer. ———

Bell. Well angry thing, ——— let me change my sword
and I am for yee, I scorn odds, and thy Friendship. ———

Gay. Nay, come on with that, I will not stay another
Moment.

Lisset, seems to leap down behind the Scenes, and runs in.

Liss. Hold ye'r Dead doing Hand you little Man of migh-
ty Courage ——— know *Bellmour* is Innocent — she heard
her self your fair Confession ——— you have each of you a
Mistress ——— which are just now going to *St. Dominick's*, and
if you stay fooling here, you'll loose the best Opportunity. —

Bell. I am amaz'd.

Gay. From whence come yee, or what are you. ———

Liss. No matter for that, ——— I am one born to do the
good ——— let me out of the Street Door will ye. ———

Gay. Did you come over the Garden Wall? ———

Liss. Lard, lard how slow you *English* are ——— and how
ungrateful ——— when a Man has a kindness done him to re-
turn it with asking Questions, I did not stand shall I, shall I,
when I was to save you from committing Murder here ———
will you let me out or no?

Gay. I will without another word ——— Thou little Gana-
mede whom I'll suppose to descend upon Jupiter's Eagle. —

Liss. Ay, ay, do so, do so, but now I must be gone. ———

Gay. I dare not look towards *Bellmour* ——— hang't I will
return and bear the Brunt ——— come fairy. (*Exit with Lisset.*)

Bell. What a strange Enigma's here — tho' this is plain I
have just reason to be angry with *Gaylove*, but I love the
Youth and that will plead his Cause ———

Re-enter Gaylove. He stands a good way off, and looks down.

Bell. Is all our Years of happy Friendship then no more ; but Death upon a bare suspicion — was this well done ?

Gay. No — yet read that *(throws him the Letter he reads)* and then forgive my Passion — to tell as I thought my private Sins to my Mistress — the very particulars ; that snoring and coughing made me Mad.

Bell. And would you not show me this first — but seek my Life upon a Woman's scrawl ; perhaps a false one who hires spies and will at last betray you — 'twas poor and cannot be forgiven I'll never meet yee more. *(is going)*

Gay. Then turn back and use your Sword for now my Blood is cool, I'd rather loose my Life than loose your Friendship. —

Bell. I cannot look on thee, and bear resentment ; I'll never meet thee more but thus *(embrace him)* this is real and all my Angers feigned. —

Gay. Blessed be thy kind forgiving Nature, you have Judgment and Goodness — henceforth you shall be my Guide. —

Bell. All's well ; but pray be cautious — methinks this Woman's too cunning to be Honourable. —

Gay. I will obey you in every thing — now Dear Friend let us go to St. *Dominick's* ; where you know we are promised to see both our Mistresses. —

Bell. Nay 'tis impossible, to leave this Adventure unfinished ; from whence cou'd that Youth come ; the Garden Wall is very high.

Gay. 'Tis so ; I am as much surpris'd as you.

Yet must peruse the Hid uncertain Fair,

When Beauty tempts who can avoid the Snare. *(Exeunt)*

Scene changes to a Street in Madrid.

Enter Gusman.

Gus. I have Instructions from *Donna Laura* to amuse this English Coward, *Jo.* but not Discover who they are 'tis a venial

venial Sin, I'm sure to take Bribes on both Sides — but whom do I gather Wealth for, now my Love, my Life, my dear *Lyffet* is gone; I'll be in Prison that's resolv'd.

Enter Jo.

Jo. Well; Where are you now? When will they come? I long till 'tis over.

Gus. Oh they'll be here presently — But are you perfect in your Story?

Jo. Yes, Yes, I am perfect enough; but I believe I shan't say a Word on't when the grim old Fellow looks me in the Face.

Gus. How Man — then you are undone if he finds you out for an Impostor, I wou'd not give you a Marvedis for your Life.

Jo. Oh — Oh —

Gus. Why you will be put upon the Wrack, or Heaven knows what will become of ye —

Jo. The Wrack; a Lard, a Lard — I'll down upon my Knees to my Lord Ambassador to be sent into *England*, tho' I travel all the Way upon my bare Feet; for I don't care to go Home by Sea again neither — I was frighted too much when I came —

Gus. You are very likely indeed to go from *Spain* Home by Land — Come, come, observe my Directions, and fear nothing —

Jo. Wou'd you could teach me that *Don* Director: But won't ye be far off then if I should cry out Murder —

Gus. No, no; remember your great Desire to see *Mexico*.

Jo. Yes, Yes; but I'll be hang'd as soon as taken at my Word, for I promise you I have no Mind to travel farther. —

Gus. Your Business is to draw the Old Man from the Young ones, with the Story I have put in your Mouth; keep him off whilst your Masters entertain the Ladies; then, at Notice, turn him loose — shift for your self, and your Affair is over, and your Reward certain.

Jo.

Jo. Would it were ———

Gus. I see 'em coming, Farewel and Prosper (Exit Gus.)

Jo. And I feel my Fit of Trembling come upon me ———
What Devil bewitches me to venture thus for these mad Masters of mine ——— They did not beget me sure, I have such a natural Affection for them ——— One would think I should love my own Carcass best, and not run the Risk of suffering the Pain — to give them Pleasure ——— Well, if I do come off, 'twill be a rare Story in *England* with some Flourishes of my own — Ah, here they are — Oh my Heart, it thumps, thumps like a Smith's Anvil.

Enter Don Gomez, Clarinda, Laura veild, Don Gomez talking to Lisset, followed at a Distance by Gaylove and Bellmour.

Don Go. *Lyscias, Lyscias* — I am satisfy'd — I am convinc'd of thy Care ——— and thy Relation of the Government of the Turkish Women is Surprising — Good — Admirable ——— Odso — I will endeavour to bring it up here in *Spain*; They never go to Church — *Lyscias* — ha ———

Lys. Never ———

Go. Excellent ——— there is more Mischief done at Church in *Spain* *Lyscias* ——— than we imagine ——— look to these Women to Day, my dear Eunuch — they had a great Inclination to come abroad, and Women's Inclinations are prone to Evil, odso ———

Lisci. Be Easie — be Contented — my Vigilance shall prevent their Wishes.

[*All the while they are talking, Jo is preparing to speak to Gomez, but still starts back.*]

Jo. Most Noble Don [*bowing very low*] descended from the Renown'd Family of the *Alcantara's*.

Lau, Mind *Clarinda*.

Clu. I have look'd at him a good while

Lau. Some Trick I hope.

Gom. What wouldst thou have Friend, ha?

Jo. Illustrious Don! I am my self from a lineal Degree, a Branch of *Charlemain*.

Go. It may be; What is that to me, ha, Friend?

Jo. [*Aside*] I shall be out; Carrying in my Veins the Blood of Kings, hitherto I have disdain'd all servile Work — till I could find a Man Great and Brave enough to force this stubborn Heart to buckle too.

Lau. Buckle too! well said *Charlemain's* Grandson.

Jo. Now 'tis accomplish'd if the thrice Heroick *Don Gomez* will vouchsafe his Ear, I would attend him to the Realms of *Mexico*; yea, I would kiss the Lappit of his Shoe Tie.

Lau. The Shoe Tie of his Lappit I suppose you mean, ha, ha.

Go. Well what's that to you what he means — *Lyscias*, if what he says proves Truth, I am sent another Blessing. I wanted Persons to serve me that knew my Worth — Odso — I will examine him, but dare not talk of *Mexico* before the Women — Come on with me Friend — *Lyscias* be careful — this may prove a Cheat; we must be wathful *Lyscias*. (Exit Gomez.)

Lysci. To be sure —

Jo. Mercy on me; What will be my Destiny now — He can't murder me in the Church tho', that's one Comfort. (Exit Jo.)

Gaylove and Bellmour come forward.

Gay. Triumphant Jo —

Lau. What was that a Engine of yours then, carry'd off the old Man.

Gay. Certainly you see Madam what Pains we take for these Transitory Moments of Happiness.

Bell. By that untoward Bar to Bliss, just remov'd, you should be the Lady I adore; you have it in your Power to Banquet all our Senses; you ought to Feast our Eyes at least — let us behold your Beauties —

Cla. Dear *Lisset*, watch the Passage.

Lysc. Be Courageous Ladies — I may see him a vast way before he can come upon you. I'll go out and stand in the Passage — (Exit.)

Lau. Do, Do, now then look your Worst, we dare stand the Test, for all your Fam'd English Beauties — (they unveil.)

Gay.

Gay. So bright *Aurora* with her Rosy Fingers, draws the black Curtains of the ugly Night, and darts a thousand Glories round.

Lau. There's Heroicks now ; What says your Friend ?

Bell. My Transports cannot be express'd — But are you two Friends ? Methinks you seem by Heaven design'd our lovely Lots, to make us equal in Bliss, as in our Fortunes and Friendship.

Cla. Alas you know us not —

Gay. No, but we would fain : Come then, improve the flying Minutes, and tell us quickly — I hope you are Single — and that old cross *Don* is a great Uncle, a Grandfather, or so, whom you have too much Wit to scruple Disobeying —

Lau. Let your Companion ask that Question — it concerns him most. For my part I am free, saving some few Promises made for me, which I intend not to perform ; I have a Spanish Brother indeed, who has given his Word, where I resolve to give neither Heart nor Hand, I can tell him that —

Gay. I must kiss the fair dear Hand for the kind Resolution, since I will believe it for my Good. (*This while Belmour and Clarinda talk.*)

Bell. Hold Madam, [*Hastily*] if you have any Value for a Life wholly Dedicated to your Service, do but feel what a cold Sweat I am in.

Lau. 'Tis in vain to mince the Matter ; that Egyptian Mummy, that old dry Bones — is her Husband.

Bell. Oh, I shall Faint.

Gay. Faint ! Bear up Man — why, by the Law of Nations, and of Nature, he must be punish'd for such a Piece of horrid Impudence ; and she has too much Beauty, and too much Fire, not to do it the sweetest Way —

Cla. Ay, but I have a foolish thing call'd Virtue, a greater Tyrant than my Husband ; for I consent to her Dictates, which I never did to become that Monster's Wife.

Bell. Must I then Despair —

Lau. Pish, Pish, Despair, Women's Minds never holds two Hours ; Despair Quoatha — pursue I say.

Gay. Well said Spirit ——— so I will thee to the *West* and *East Indies*.

Lau. Ah Falshood ——— I know thee to be the most unconstant Creature Breathing ——— Were not you this very Morning at Confession ——— what have you forgot that, and my Resentment? You knew, I suppose, that I'd forgive ye ——— I find an Englishman true to one Woman, nay, even before he has had her, is a Miracle.

Gay. Faith 'tis a greater how you over heard our Discourse. I dreaded no Witchcraft from a fine Woman but her Eyes ——— Now I begin to fancy my Nurses Story's Authentick ——— that you have at your Command a little Emissary, who has Power to creap thro' an augur Hole, whisk in at Window's pass, and repass like a Jugler's Ball; deceive the Sight, and discover the Heart.

Lau. That I believe is impossible ——— but I shall do my best ——— we Spanish Women are indefatigable in our Love and Revenge; I know you a Rover.

Gay. P'shaw Madam, you must never believe our Sex when they speak to one another of yours ——— if they boast of a Lady's Favour, ten to one they Lie, if they complain, 'tis odds they are Happy ——— there's no Measures, Madam, to be taken from what they say.

Lau. Ah, but one may Guess shrowdly by the Manner, whether the Gallant be successful or not ——— I like a Lover best that is silent; will not so much as let his Eyes declare to any but his Mistress, the State of his Heart.

Gay. 'Tis strange to see the Difference! Now our Country Ladies wou'd not give a crooked Pin for a Spark that did not proclaim his Passion in every publick Place he came into ——— but Madam, henceforward conclude me Dumb, except in your Presence.

Lau. Well, I am willing to bury all past Faults in Oblivion ——— provided you give me your Hand and Honour to pursue no more Adventures in *Madrid*, but Lift your self, Person, Heart and all under my Command.

Gay. Agreed ——— yet methinks 'tis but just I should know whom I serve, least any petty stragling Officer should
pre-

pretend to take me up — Then naming my great Commandress — they drop their Claims, and leave me free.

Lau. I am afraid you are utterly unacquainted with one Virtue that's absolutely necessary in a Lover — Patience Friend Patience —

Gay. I confess, when my Appetite's Craving and the Food Delicious, I hate a long Grace.

Lau. Ay, but when the same Dish is serv'd up every Day, you care not a Farthing whether you sit down to Table or no.

Gay. Hu'm, O my Conscience, we were made for one another, you understand me so well — let me speak my very Soul to you; on such a Feast I could live a great while.

Lau. A great while! I am for ever, and for aye, 'till Death us do part.

Gay. Pough! What a dismal Sound has that joyn'd to Love — but I submit, take me, let it be any way.

Lau. I have your Word — no new Amours.

Gay. I tell ye, I won't so much as think of another Woman — Nay, if the Ladies should advance to make me Offers, I'd be as Coy as a Court Nymph to a Country Clown with a small Estate, for with a great one any Rank, Booby will down, and as constant —

Lau. Now quickly a Smile for that — 'tis a little out of your Way Sir.

Gay. As Constant as a Stale Maid, who is convinc'd, if she loses her only Fool, she cannot get another.

Lau. Well, I am content; Now what have our Friends resolv'd on?

Bell. All I can get is Complaints; but neither Hopes nor a Discovery.

Gay. What she preaches Patience too —

Clar. I am sure I had need of a great deal my self.

Enter Lyflet hastily.

Liff. Upon my Life he's coming, and in a great Passion too.

Clar. For Heaven's sake be gone.

Gay. What in this Uncertainty? —

Bell

Bell. I'll stay and cut his Throat.

Lau. Lard, Lard, you are so Passionate — if you have any Love for us retire, or any regard for our Safeties ; upon my Word and Honour you shall here from us to Night.

Gay. That Danger to your selves, and that Promise to us, makes us fly from ye.

Bell. Remember we are wholly yours.

(*Exeunt*)

Lau. Well they are pretty Fellows I'll swear *Lisset* ; I'll have a Jant when old Crofness yonder has lock'd us up ; you know my false Key, and my Page shall manage —

Liss. Dear Madam let us, for I want to look after *Gusman* a little.

Lau. *Clarinda*, you'll not venture.

Cla. Not I ; you do not know my Danger, nor how Desperate my Tyrant is —

Liss. He is just here — seem going into the Church, whilst I stop ye.

Lau. Let us pass, I say.

Liss. You shall not go in till my Lord comes back ; What you have some Affignation — let him wait and be hang'd to him, let him wait.

Enter Don Gomez pulling Jo by the Collar.

Go. Well said *Liscias* — but here's a Rouge whom I have caught in fourscore Lies, nay, if I say a Hundred — I should not tell one — Sirrah, Raskal, Hell-hound, confess, or I Poinard thee ; Where wert thou born ?

Jo. [*Trembling extreamly*] At *la White Chappella* near *le Tour* indeed and indeed — and wou'd I were there up to my Neck in the Ditch with all my Heart.

(*Aside*)

Lau. What shall I do to bring him off ? Bless me Madam, [*looking at Jo amaz'd*] is not this the Madman that us'd to make us Sport under our Windows, and talk of King *Pepin*, and *Charlemain*, and I know not what — I did not observe him before.

Go. How, Mad —

Lau.

Lau. Act the Madman Sirrah, or you are undone. [*Aside to Jo.*]

Jo. Sure I may do that, for I am out of my Wits for fear.

Cl. And us'd to Sing Madam.

Jo. Sing Quoatha.

Go. 'Tis impossible he had Connexion in his Roguery!

Jo. I must try, what do I see —

Lau. Look how he Stares.

Jo. The reverend Form of good King *Pepin*.

Sings.

Pepin had a Head as white as Snow,

His Eye Brows Grey, his Beard was black below.

Black below, black below.

[Pulls Gomez by the Beard.]

Go. Sirrah stand off, or I'll have the Strapado for ye —
I'll bring ye out of your mad Fit Sirrah, I will so. [*Canes him. He Drivels and Cries like a Changling.*]

Jo. ee, ee, ee, ee.

Lau. Are you not asham'd to strike a Changling?

Go. I'll Changeling him — He thought he had Wit enough to make a Fool of me. Where are my Servants there?

Jo. [*Crying out*] Ola, Ola, nothing will do.

Liss. Oh spare him my good Lord, spare him; 'tis a Turkish Prophet; Madmen are all Inspir'd; He can Prophecy, I am sure he can.

Jo. Yes, mark me; Justice shall prevail in every Court of Christendom; yea, the Horns of the Cuckold, shall be transplanted from the Husband's Head, and visibly fix'd upon the Cuckold-makers; yea, the Husband shall help to tie them on.

Go. See how his Brain runs upon Cuckolding — For thy sake *Lyscias* I'll leave the Rogue unpunish'd — But let's immediately Home agen; this is an evil Day; I will incontinently return; bar up my Doors *Lisias*, and keep out ill Luck.

Lau.

Lau. Then you must lock out your self.

Go. Does that Fellow look like a Madam — uh —

Jo. Sings.

*Pepin had a Head as white as Snow,
His Eye Brows grey, and his Beard was black below,
black below, &c.*

Go. Abuse a Grandee of *Spain* — get ye Home ye Baggages, you bring these Misfortunes upon me with your gadding abroad — you do so —

Liss. Ay, ay, Home, Home, that's the properest place for Women.

Go. Right *Liscias*, away with them, away with them.

(Exeunt the Ladies followed by Gomez and Lisset.)

Jo. Now I know I shou'd follow them; but the Devil shall take my place, and do it himself for *Jo*, if he will; my Fear has made me feel the Poinard at my Throat, and the Strapado on my Back: Oh Curse upon *Spain* I say.

Enter Gusman.

Gus. Joy, Joy, *Don Josephus* you have pass'd the Adventure like a Knight Errant, and may come to be as useful in your Generation — I was near, if the Danger had grown eminent.

Jo. Yes, you appear when the Mischiefs over, witness my Shoulders. You are like your Countrymen, run a Man thro, and then beg his Pardon for the Mistake. Joy Quoatha! Well, I declare I had rather be a Carman in *England*, nay, a Carman's Horse, than the greatest Pimp in *Spain*.

Gus. Why have ye no Pimps in *England* then?

Jo. Yes marry have we; but they have othergues's Employments than yours — They are in no Fear of the Stab or the Strapado; there a Pimp dines with a Lord, nay, often comes himself to Preferment by his Vocation, and is only call'd a Friend to Love, one who delights in doing good Offices,

fices, and desires when Parties meet Tete a Tete, there should be a right Understanding between them. Here's nothing but Drudgery and Danger.

Gus. Well your Task is over, and your Master stays for you at the great Cross.

Jo. There's nothing but Crosses in *Spain* ——— from them and Intreagues in this damn'd jealous Country, deliver me, and that's poor *Jo's* Prayer.

Gus. Whilst I for others Act, I am my self undone; my Nymph's in Prison, won't thou help me break it.

Jo. Oh your Servant, your Servant, not I faith break Prisons! Your very humble Servant. (runs off)

Gus. I must be with her. (musing)
I'll pluck some Reverend *Don* by the Whiskers.

I'll rob a Church, and Sacrilege commit,
But I will be confin'd with dear *Lisset*.

(Exit.)

The Scene changes to the Piazza under the House of Gomez and the Ambassador's.

Re-enter Gusman.

Gus. Here stands the Walls, and there's the Window from whence *Lisset* has shew'd many a Favour; the Place remains, but the dear Ornament is gone; I'll try to pick the Lock, and so be sent to Prison.

Enter a Boy with a Silver Basin under his Coat. A Noise without, stop him, stop him, Thief.

Boy. If I cou'd get into the Ambassador's Court, I were safe.

Gus. That you shall not Sir; come, come, deliver me your Baggage, and run for your Life you Rogue.

Boy. Take it ——— and be hang'd with it ——— the Owner's at your Heels, I can tell you that. (runs off)

F

Enter

Enter the Silver-smith and Officers.

Smith. This Way, this Way the Rogue ran.

Off. Neighbour — Neighbour, mind that Fellow, methinks he looks damn'd suspiciously.

Gus. Who I?

Smith. Yes you Sir; Who are you? What's your Name? Where do you live?

Gus. Am Sir, I am a Philosopher — my Name's *Quibus*, I live in *Antego*.

Smith. Raskal, do you banter a Man that has lost a Silver Bason; What's that bunches out under his Cloak? search him, search him.

All. Search him, search him.

Gus. Ay, search him, search him.

Smith. Why ye impudent Rogue, is not here the Piece of Plate? *(they pull out the Bason.)*

Gus. Why ye impudent Rogue, who says to the contrary?

Smith. Here's a Dog, Neighbour — Mercy on me; what will this World come to? Sirrah, Sirrah, you shall to Prison.

Gus. I hope so.

Off. Ay, ay, before the Corrigidore with him.

Gus. Prithee, my dear Blockheads, do not delay time: I confess the Fact; hurry me to Prison, and never stay to have me before a Fool in Authority.

Smith. Oh Impudence! He speaks Treason; as if a Man in Authority could be a Fool.

Off. Away with him, away with him.

Gus. Make hast, make hast; you can't oblige me more.

Off. This is the merriest Rogue that ever I met with; Sirrah, Hanging, &c. will change your Note.

Gus. No matter for that; away with me, I say.

As they are going off, Enter Gaylove pulling in Lisset.

Gay. Nay faith, my little Ganemede — now I have caught ye alone, you shall not pass Examination. *Liff.*

Liss. Well — well, what would you know?

Gay. Ha ! what have we here *Gusman*, honest *Gusman*, in the Paws of the Law — what has he done?

Smith. Stole a Silver Bason, an't please your Honour.

Liss. *Gusman* a Thief, that's impossible.

Gus. Shallow Monsters, I shall lose my Drift ; I am a Thief.

Smith. Thou art so in Troth ; Sir he confesses it, and here's the Bason found upon him.

Gay. Well, and you have your Bason agen Sir, and there's Money for your Trouble, and something for the Officers to drink.

Off. Thank your Honour — Friend thou art free ; down on your Knees, and pray for the Gentleman.

Gus. Lard, Lard, what do you mean ? I must go to Prison — I did steal the Bason ; I am a Rogue and a Villain ; carry me to Prison, I say.

Liss. [*Aside*] Faithful *Gusman*, this is for love of me, that's certain.

Gus. The Devil, to be thus disappointed so near one's Hopes ; I tell ye I will go to Prison.

Off. Ha, ha ; I ne'er saw the like Friend — Friend thou may'st go to Jayl fast enough ; for my part I can hardly keep out on't, ha, ha.

Gay. This Humour is past my Understanding — I confess.

Smith. Heavens Bless you Master for helping a poor working Man — mighthap the young Fellow may be distemper'd in his Mind I shall trouble you no farther Sir.

(*Exeunt Smith and Officers.*)

Gay. Why *Gusman* !

Gus. *Gusman*, me no *Gusman* ; you have undone me.

Liss. Friend, may one presume to ask the Reason of this violent Desire of yours for a Stone Doublet, and an Iron pair of Breeches — as one may say.

Gay. I sav'd ye out of pure good Will.

Gus. Pox take your ill-tim'd Kindness — this was in Jest it seems — but I will steal.

Liss. And be hang'd in Earnest.

Gus. I'll murder a Man.

Liss. And be broke upon the Wheel.

Gus. No matter ——— let me pass, I will to Prison, and I must.

For I am but a walking Shadow here,
Whilst my ador'd *Lisset* lies bury'd there

(*Exit*

Liss. Ha, ha, ha.

Gay. Is the Man Mad? Do you know any thing of this?

Liss. A little; but that's nothing to our Purpose.

Gay. True. Answer me then to what is ——— tell me her Name I say.

Enter Laura cover'd with another Veil. She runs into Gay-love's Arms.

Lau. Save me, fave me, fave me.

Gay. What's the matter, Madam? [*Aside*] Now if there be a Beautiful Damsel thrown into my Arms, I must carry it strangely, for of this Informer.

Lau. [*Aside*] He appears cold because *Lisset* is by. I wou'd tell you all my Misfortunes, but commit them to your self alone, none must be privy to the Story ———

Gay. Now I do long to know her Condition.
My Dear pretty Youth, [*to Lisset*] your Lady has promis'd faithfully to let me hear from her to Night, so I will suspend my Curiosity till then ———

Liss. P'shaw, now you turn me off just when I had a Mind to have told ye the whole Affair.

Lau. Sir, won't you listen to a distress'd Woman?

Gay. Yes, yes; what shall I do?

Liss. Come I'll tell you what you shall do; put me into your Apartment, and I'll stay till the Conference is over.

Gay. With all my Heart; this is, you see, an Act of Charity forc'd upon me, none of my own seeking; there's sweet Meats within to piddle upon.

Liss. Very well, make hake hast.

(*locks her in.*

Gay. Now Madam, how can I assist you?

Lau.

Lau. Oh very easily; my Fright was only Counterfeit. I am not pursu'd, but come in Quest of a Heart, young Man.

Gay. A Heart Madam! Bless me, who has stole the precious thing.

Lau. Even just such another leering Rogue as your self — He wears a lac'd Coat, a light Wig, Diamond Buckles, has a certain Jene Scay in his Mein, and Fire in his Eyes, and Eloquence on his Tongue — in fine, I believe you are the Man.

Gay. Impossible Madam, by your Description — But shall I crave to view the Conquest this happy Youth has made — and Die with Envy?

Lau. Not my Face, I have sworn to the contrary; there's my Hand to convince you I am Flesh and Blood.

Gay. White, and Soft, and Sweet. *(Kissing it.)*
[*Aside*] Loaded with Jewels, it must be a Woman of Quality.

Lau. Hold, hold, you don't intend to devour it I hope.

Gay. O my Conscience, I cou'd.

Lau. Ah, now I think on't, I am undone — for I have watch'd ye ever since you came to *Madrid*; you are engag'd — a *Donna* at *St. Dominicks* claims ye.

Gay. True, she has my absent Heart — but I have always a present one for a fair Lady, take that, and my Person into the Bargain. *(hugs her)*

Lau. Ah you little Virago, you'll stifle me.

Enter a Page.

Page. Sir, Sir.

Gay. His't, what now?

Page. My Lady, the Lady you saw at the Chappel to Day — says, if you don't come to her this very Minute, you'll never see her more.

Gay. Umph, this 'tis to have so much Business upon one's Hands — I can't forsake her I have seen, and know to be Handsome, for one I only guess to be so — Besides, this is so fond she'll follow me agen — stay a Moment I will go.

Lau. Well, what now —

Gay. Alas Madam, my dearest Friend it seems, is wounded in a Quarrel — I must fly to him — but beg to know where I may wait upon your Ladyship. *Lau.*

Lau. If I lose this Golden Opportunity, I must ne'er expect another.

Page. If you disoblige my Lady, she's of a Humour too Haughty to forgive.

Lau. What is it a Woman then ———

Gay. Hush you little Fool ——— 'twas about a Woman he says my Friend was Hurt, Madam.

Page. If you have any Honour, go.

Lau. If you have either Love or Pity, stay.

Gay. Gad, Madam, I know not what to resolve on; take you this Arm ——— and Urchin take this, and fairly divide me.

Lau. That's frankly offer'd truly ——— no, you shall see how generous I'll be; go — let me into your Lodging, and I'll patiently wait your coming back.

Gay. That's very kind upon my Life ——— but Madam, you forget the Youth's here.

Lau. That's nothing, he knows me not ——— be you swift in your Return.

Gay. to be sure. [*looks her in*] lead on.

Thus thro' the happy Realms of Bliss I rove,
VVhilst bright contending Beauties offer Love.

(*Exit*

The End of the second Act.

ACT III.

*Scene, the Piazza.**Enter Bellmour and Gaylove.*

Bell. **W**H Y you confound me with what you tell me; first a Lady throws her self into your Arms, you say — you never see her Face — but lock her up with our Damosels Mercury in your own Lodgings — then follow a little Foot Page from Church to Church, till he drops you in a crowd, and you surpriz'd and amaz'd, know not what to make of the Adventure.

Gay. 'Tis very true *Bellmour* — I am a Puppy — these Spanish VWomen make a meer Ass of me; however I have one fast under this Key, and she shall pay for all.

Bell. But what account do you think your Ganemede, as you call him, will give of you to your Fair unknown?

Gay. Oh he's a VVitness I am Innocent, and can't accuse me — besides, at present I am very angry, for the young Rogue my Guide, must lead me that ridiculous Dance by her Directions.

Bell. Come let's enter — then compel one Female at least, to discover who she is, before we part with her.

Gay. Ay that we will — and I'll send a Rattle by Ganemede.
(*they unlock the Door.*)

*Scene changes to Gaylove's Apartment.**They Re-enter.*

Gay. Madam, Madam, where are you?

Bell. Sir, Sir, here's no Body.

Gay. No! They can't get into the Closet.

Bell.

Bell. No Mortal, by *Jupiter Ammon*.

Gay. VVitchcraft, sheer VVitchcraft.

Bell. See Tablets open, and newly write on.

Gay. Give them me.

Reads.

Go ye false Loon, with your present Heart, and your absent Heart; What have ye no Instinct about you? (so) I suppose your Comrade is just such another, and my Friend like me, Unfortunate in an unconstant Spark.

Gay. Do you hear that?

(looks at him)

Bell. Ay, 'tis my hard Fate to keep Company with such a Rogue. See how Dangerous it is to pin one's Reputation on another Man's Sleeve.

Gay. Stay, stay, hear it out.

You must confess you deserve no Favour; however rest satisfied, we'll keep our Words at the Church, and see you this Night.

Gay. Oh dull Dog as I was! And did another Veil deceive me? Cou'd it be the same VVoman — Nay, I thought the Tone of the Voice was alike, and fancy'd all Spanish VVo-men spoke with the same Key.

Bell. The Tone of the Voice! But pry'thee what's become of them? there's the greatest VVonder.

Gay. Hold, hold, here's more in another Hand.

I, like a Mouse, have been nibbling your Sweet-smears, and now am crept into my Hole,

*Your Servant,
Ganemede.*

Bell. I am sure I have search'd every Hole; there's no place but this VVindow, and that must break both their Necks, unless they were Cats.

Gay

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Gay

Gay. Pough, they are Cunning here in *Spain*, and carry Ladders of Silken Ropes about with them.

Bell. You may as well say they carry Wings — but there's no finding it out, and so we must be content.

Gay. Ha, here comes Grave *Don Philip*, and my discreet Sister, we'll withdraw and talk further of this Matter, be sure let's keep the House to night in expectation of a Summons.

Bell. Agreed. —

(*Exeunt*)

Enter Don Philip and Emilia.

Em. Your Story is very surprizing, and you have all the Reason and Justice in the World on your side; I will dispose my Ant the Ambassodress, to receive the distress'd Lady with all that Civility and Candour which is so natural to her.

Phil. My only Aim is to get my Sister into my Power before I attempt any thing by Law, knowing *Gomez* so desperate, her Life may else be in Danger.

Em. You cannot be too Cautious, when you have to deal with a Man of such wicked Principles.

Phil. Here comes a faithful Servant, who assists me in all my just Designs.

Enter Pedro.

Well, trusty *Pedro*, have you order'd things so, that this Night's Adventure may be feasible, speak freely before this Lady, for she is so Good to be of the Party.

Pedro. I have done my best, my Lord, and hope to let your Friends in at the Garden Gate, and take her out of that Apartment that joyns this House, and where of late she and her Companion always is.

Em. Are we so near Neighbours then?

Phil. Yes Madam.

Pedro. But Sir, I would beg a Letter from you, least she refuse to go with me, I shall have no Time to tell her the

Design ——— and she has too much Reason to mistrust Plots from the old Man.

Phil. That I had consider'd, and here's one ready for you.

Pedro. At present I am fallen much into his Displeasure, for not approving his Design of carrying *Clarinda* into *Mexico*, and must be very Careful to give him no Suspicion.

Em. Providence will certainly prevent such Barbarity, and prosper your good Intentions.

Phil. *Pedro* farewell — as soon as it is dark I'll send the Men I promis'd, and when my Orphan injur'd Sister's Safe, you shall name your own Reward.

Pedro. I meet with it if I preserve the Children of my good old Lord. (*Exit Pedro.*)

Em. Honest Creature ———
I see my Brother coming ; I am sure both he and *Bellmour* are at your Service if you want their Aid.

Phil. Madam, I wou'd not hazard them in Dangers, since for my Money I can with Ease procure those who understand the Country better, and will gladly undertake the Business.

Em. You have Reason I am convinc'd, and will not mention it to them.

Enter Gaylove.

Gay. Luckily encounter'd ——— Sister of late you complain of my Neglect, now I have brought you some Musick.

Em. That's kind indeed.

Gay. [*Aside*] Yes to my self; for being ingag'd to wait for a Message from my dear invisible, this will *passe le Temps*, and prevent Inquiries and Reprimands.

Em. But my dear Brother, I have a World to say to you.

Gay. Ay my dear Sister after the Song ; but they cannot stay, they perform at Court to Night I assure ye.

Em. 'Tis your Danger troubles me.

Gay. Fear nothing ——— fear nothing ——— Thrummers will you never begin?

*A Dialogue design'd for Mrs. Willis, Mr. Pack and Mrs. Perin.
Mrs. Willis sings like a very old Woman, Mrs. Perin her Granddaughter, and Mr. Pack a spruce young Fellow.*

Old Woman following her Granddaughter in.

*Why hunnow Hussy, How dare you leave your Spinning?
The Slut minds nothing but gadding abroad;
If thus you make such a bad beginning,
Ye Baggage, and take such an idle Road,
Ye shall ne're be Dame of my Oxen and Cows,
My Lands and my Dairy, and all my Wheat Mows.*

Girl.

*Marry gap forsooth Grannum, your Anger I know;
You are in love with our Rafe, who is lately turn'd Beau,
A Husband much fitter for me, I trow,
For all you bridle your shaking Head,
You know you cannot lye straight in your Bed,
Yet you, good Lack, have a Mind to Wed.*

Old Woman.

*Hold your Tongue, or say what you can,
Oh he's a Sweet, Oh he's a kind young Man.
Get you in ye sawcy Quean;
I'll give ye ne're a Groat if you are seen.*

(Rafe appears

Rafe Sings.

*Oh how she bridles and sets off her self;
What will we not do for darling Pelf?
E'ne take an old Ken and hug in our Arms,
And talk to the Hag of Passion and Charms.
To her] My Honey, my Love, my Joy, my Delight,
Now tell me the Day, now tell me the Night*

*When we shall be Happy, when we shall be Wed,
To keep thee warm up, and warmer a Bed?*

Old Woman.

*Al what sweet Words, what soft Looks are these,
How Easie, how Easie a young Man can please;
Shou'd I consent, your Flames might grow cold,
I doubt I am a little, a little too Old.*

Rafe.

*No, no, no, no.
Thy Lips are two Cherries, thy Eyes are two Stars,
Then Widow prepare for amorous Wars;
Thou art all Love and all Truth
I am all Vigour and Youth.*

Girl Peeping.

She has indeed left a merry Colt's Tooth.

Rafe.

*Then Widdow prepare for amorous Wars;
I'll kiss thee and hug thee, and kindle Love's Fire,
Thou full of Delight, I full of Desire.
Then Widow, &c.*

Old Woman.

*Hold off your Kisses, I pray now forbear,
You want but my Money, I'll make you my Heir;
Shou'd I consent your Flames might grow cold,
I doubt I am a little, a little too Old.*

Rafe.

Rafe.

*Your Wealth I despise, and all your Rich Store,
'Tis you my Dear Goddess, tis you I adore.*

Old Woman.

*Oh how he loves me, his Flames will never grow Cold.
His Truth has convinced me I am not too old.*

Em. This is very Gallant I acknowledge, but truly Brother I must take a time to tell you the Reports.

Gay. *Emilia* I'll come and hearken to you with profound Attention.

Em. When. —

Gay. When I can find nothing else to do.

Em. Ye provoking thing you, if I did not love you what need I care — at present I am ingaged in an Affair for this Gentleman I hope to serve him.

Phil. You are all goodness, nor can I express my acknowledgements.

Gay. Oh you'll think of fine things as you walk along; good b'ye Sister — I'll come on purpose to hear your Lecture one of these Days.

Em. You ridicule my Fears; but be not too venturous, that's all I ask.

Gay. No, no, farewell.

Phil. Your Servant.

(*Exeunt.*)

Enter Bellmour, and Jo.

Gay. My Dear *Bellmour*, any News?

Bell. Not yet, I have been walking this Hour in the Cloyster — Expectation is a terrible uneasy Torment.

Jo.

Jo. Ay when a Man expects to have his Bones broke. Worthy Gentlemen, my very Honoured Masters leave me out at this Night's Adventure — I am sure 'twill thrive the better.

Bell. Peace Raskal, and do not provoke a Man already in a Fret.

Gay. *Jo* — ah wer't thou capable — did'st thou conceive the mighty Power of Love all Dangers would be Trifles, Pleasures — to Possess the Dear Object. —

Jo. Now I have found it out, 'tis the Danger makes it the Dear Object to you Sir — how many sweet Billets-doux have you had from Mrs. *Fond-Love* the finest Lady that ever trod the Mall, and clapt them into your Pocket unopen'd — flung into your Coach and drove like the Devil to a Woman that us'd you ill?

Gay. This Rogue will set up for Wit, and not be content to be beat for it, Sirrah 'twas to peruse them at more Leisure.

Jo. Nay, I am sure I have often had 'em untouched, to light the Lamp for your Tea and the pretty Seal, which was a Cupid in Flames, has been Sacrific'd in Spirits of Wine and yet she writ so sweetly, as I said they made my Mouth Water, for I always sav'd a bit of them.

Gay. Do ye hear *Bellmour*, this Dog has a taste of Amour — if he wou'd but encourage it.

Bell. Hang him Scoundrel, I believe if once he had suffered thoroughly, 'twould reconcile him to the Cause — as Spaniels must be chastis'd before they learn their Tricks.

Jo. Thankee Dear Sir, a good Drubbing wou'd rather cure me from ever running at Mutton agen.

Bell. But why do I waste my Breath with him, which shou'd be employed in Prayers for an auspicious Moment.

Gay. How! I did not Imagine your Case had been so desperate.

Bell. Oh, I am in Love to Destruction.

Jo. In troth, in my Mind you are both a little distracted.

Bell. Look out sharp Sirrah, do you spy no Messenger?

Jo. Yes, yes, talk of the Devil and his Imps appear, here's

here's my Governour and a Smock'd Fac'd Boy, I hope now
I may be spar'd?

Enter Gusman, followed at a Distance by Lisset.

Gus. Don. ———

Bell. Meaning me. ———

Gus. Yes, your Ear,

(they whisper

*Gay. Here again my Spirit, my Aerial ——— I had best lay
hold on you lest you vanish.*

*Liss. Hush till they have done, I wou'd not be seen by
Gusman. (Stands apart.*

Bell. Art thou sure it is the same?

*Gus. Most certain, has she not a crooked Blind old Hus-
band.*

Bell. Infallible Signs, conduct me quickly.

*Gus. There waits a Coach at the Door, but you must ask
no Questions, take your Man with you, because I wou'd not
approach the House.*

*Jo. A Lard, a Lard, I warrant there's a Blunderbluss be-
tween every Brick,*

Bell. Leave Roaring and come along Sirrah.

*Gay. What will the cautious Bellmour? go I know not
where, he that cou'd advise.*

*Bell. You see how much easier it is to give good Counsel
than to follow it ——— Farewell.*

*Gay. Success attend ye; I am upon the Point of inga-
ging too.*

Bell. Come Guide.

*Gus. Let me speak one Word to that Youth, and I am for
you — pray Sir, do you belong to the House of Don Gomez?
(speaks to Lisset*

Liss. I do.

*Gus. Have you never heard them speak of a fair Damsel
called Lisset?*

*Liss. Yes often, but the Poor Creature's in Prison during
Life, they say Gomez is inexorable.*

Liss.

Gus. Ha, the Ladies promised me her Release, or I'd no have undertook their Business — well I'll be in Prison e'er Morning, I am resolved.

Liss. No, no, take Day Light along with you, I beseech ye.

Jo. Gentlemen do but observe how these two Consult — Pray mind them, if we don't all three come Home with our Throats cut, I'll be hang'd.

Gay. Ha, ha, ha, ha, well said *Jo.*

Gus. No I am fixed — Come Sir.

Liss. But I shall watch ye.

Bell. Allons *Jo.*

(*aside*
(*Exeunt.*

Jo. *Jo* — ay, I follow with as good a Will, as a Bear to the Stake, or a Thief to the Gallows, I can tell ye that.

Gay. In the first Place let me beg to know how you got out of these Lodgings; if you can rise and fall like the Spirits in an Opera — or have Wires, or Wings, or what conveyance, pray confess?

Liss. 'Tis the only Secret I am obliged not to tell ye, if I ingage to make you happy with a fine Woman of great Birth, and great Fortune, and a great deal of Sense.

Gay. Hold, hold, enough of all Conscience.

Liss. Sure you may defer your Curiosity, and if you obtain the end, be content a while to continue Ignorant of the Means.

Gay. Very true — well then my pretty Privateer whether am I to be conducted.

Liss. To the Land of Promise, to see and talk with your Mistress freely.

Gay. Kindly said, I'faith; come let's begin our Journey then.

Liss. Stay, stay, you must enter into some Conditions first.

Gay. What are they Quick, quick, my Word, my Honour and all that — I am in haste.

Liss. Look ye, the Lady you adore resolves to be very kind.

Gay. Good!

Liss.

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Liss. But very cautious and therefore if you shou'd not agree upon Preliminaries, you are never to know with whom you treated.

Gay. Oh the Affairs of Love begin quite different from those of War, we yield to all Conditions before the Engagement, but end alike, for when we have taken the Town we seldom keep them.

Liss. A frank Confession.

Gay. Nay, Child I am always sincere — but to your Proposals.

Liss. They are these, as soon as you come into the Coach you must consent to let me blind your Eyes with this Handkerchief, that you may not see the very Light 'till you come to her Apartment.

Gay. Withal my Heart, Blind as the God of Love, I'll steal upon my Blessing nor covet Light 'till her fair Eyes inspire. Where there is so much Beauty, I'll not suspect deceit.

Liss. Upon my Life you shall be safe and happy.

Gay. Come then.

For Love we venture as for Darling Fame,
'Tho' Different Ways yet still the end's the same.
And who sets forth in each must throw off Fear,
'Tis glorious Hazard makes the Blessing Dear.

(*Exeunt*)

Scene changes to the Garden-House. Enter
Clarinda Laura and Beatrice.

Cla. Well I'll swear my Heart Beats and Akes, now this Interview is so near; just like a raw Soldier at the first Onset.

Lau. Oh 'tis a Sign you'll be the more Couragious when your Hands in — but what have you to fear — that only Party thro' a Window and consult about your Escape whilst Poor I venture upon a wild Young Fellow into my very Apartment — *Beatrice* be near me, stir not an Inch I charge ye.

H

Bea.

Bea. I warrant ye Madam I'll give him no Opportunity — and they say there's never no Mischief done if a Seducer's Opportunity be wanting.

Cla. Suppose the old Man. —

Lau. Suppose the Sky shou'd fall — your raising Scruples brings them upon us; has not Trusty *Liscias* drawn up a Scheme how they Govern Women in *Turky* and is not the Credulous Fool altering it with a wise Design to show it to the King and Counsel.

Cla. Ay but. —

Lau. Agen at your But's? be more resolute or I'll leave you out of the Plot and run away by my self.

Cla. You wou'd not be so barbarous — yet believe me *Laura*, did I dare tell even Thee my Story, you would not blame my Fears, I had a Brother once; his untimely Fate may Warn me.

Lau. What is the Monster then a Murderer.

Cla. I must be a little longer Silent — but if I escape.

Lau. We shall know all — get you gone then.

Cla. Now for the Window; — Providence protect us.

Lau. Young Men deliver us I pray.

Bea. Amen to that sweet Prayer.

Lau. Well said *Beatrice*, she must fly too.

Bea. I hope so Ladies; by my Consent, there shou'd be nothing in Petticoats left near *Gomez*.

Cla. Farewel; when shall we meet again?

Lau. In perfect Liberty I hope — with a Redress for all our Grievances.

Cla. I hope so too; but my Forebodying Heart, forbids it.

(Exit.

Lau. Courage! Come *Beatrice* let's into the farther Room, the Spies on our Party, are all watching the Enemies Motion.

Bea. Yes Madam.

(Exeunt.

Scene, the Piazza of the House. Enter Gomez with a Letter in his Hand, followed by two or three Servants.

Go. Ye sneaking Curs, ye hired Scoundrels, you knew nothing of this — these Plots and Contrivances, ha — Unhappy Gomez, I have not one that I can trust — odso — and had not my own Wisdom, mistrusted that Dog Pedro, for going in and out so often to Day, I had been undone — here's Machinations against me, here's a Hellish Design, let every one of my Servants be Arm'd, and Guard each Avenue — is Pedro bound, and thrown into the Dungeon?

1. Servant. He is my Lord.

Go. The Rogue would have Eat the Letter, when I had him search'd, the Villain tore part with his Teeth and Name, a Damnable Plotter I warrant him; odso, are the Women safe under Lock and Key?

1. Servant. They are.

Go. Where's *Liscias*?

1. Servant. I don't know.

Go. You don't know! Seek him Dunce, Loggerhead, he only is Crafty and Cruel, I want his Aid, odso, Guard you this Door whilst I find *Clarinda*, and use her, as her vile Deeds deserve — be careful Slaves, or your Lives shall answer it; be vigilant I say — odso, there's Danger stirring.

(Exit.)

1. Servant. We must Guard the Doors on the inside, I suppose, come lets follow him.

(Exeunt.)

Enter Clarinda.

Cla. I find I am a perfect Woman, nay the most fearful of my Sex, when alone, I want *Laura's* Spirit, now I fancy a Thousand Dangers and dread the greatest — if

I shou'd meet Gomez in this Piazza that leads to the Window, if he shou'd catch me going towards the Street.

Enter Gomez.

Go. Oh thou Daughter of Iniquity (*she starts*) thou Direct Spawn of the Serpent, thou Viper hatch'd from the Egg of a Cockatrice; odso, thou *Dalilah* the second.

Cla. Take breath Old Man.

Go. Confidence! art thou not ashamed ha! art thou not startl'd at thy black Guilt ha!

Cla. I will bear up if I can. (*Aside*) Guilt! what Guilt? indeed it is a sort of Guilt, to fear, to value Life more than it deserves, and yield my self a Slave to thy Tyranny; of any other Crime, I am Innocent.

Go. Innocent! oh steel, and Brass, and Copper, weak weak Similie's odso! you have this Night then no vile Treacherous Plot upon my Honour; ha! no damn'd Contrivance to Escape.

Cla. If I have, it is not vile — nor is your Honour mine.

Go. Haughty my Minx — odso — I shall humble you have you forgot this Dagger, or my solemn Oath.

(*Draws a Dagger.*)

Cla. No I remember both; spare my Youth, see how I tremble, I will submit, indeed I will — oh spare me on my Knees; I beg you.

Go. Confess then, from whom this fatal Scrowl — who it is that frees you this Night? ha!

Cla. Me?

Go. Yes you? who sent this Letter, writ in Hell, odso — Confess I say. He'll send Arm'd Men it seems to force you from a Villains Gripe, so the Monster calls me. Ha! who is this?

Cla. It can't be *Bellmour* — I am happier than I thought.

(*Aside.*)

By all my sorrows and my sufferings, I never heard of it before — have I then a Powerful Deliverer? (*Joyfully.*)

Go.

Go. Ha! by the Purport of the Letter she may not know it, I have gone too far odso. *(Aside.)*

Do ye rejoyce Strumpet? ha Fool, thou hast no Friends, sthou hast, thou dyest.

Cla. Indeed, indeed I have none.

Go. Nay, my Servants are all alarm'd, and Death odso will surely meet each bold approacher.

Cla. Unhappy *Bellmour*! Why want I courage to dye first.

Go. Ha what's that you mutter, why are you prating here alone, why towards the Street, Answer me, that my servants are all Villains, but now I will my self-immure Thee — and with to Morrow's Light, thou shalt leave *Spain*, and boast of no more upholders, odso thy Stubborness shall Yield it, shall so — come on or I will drag ye.

Cla. I do yield — trample on me, use me if possible yet worse, yet save him — Pity his Rashness oh save him. —

Go. Him what him — conclude him Dead — conclude him and if you Struggle another Moment — odso I will begin with you — what, ho *Liscias*, resistance is in vain. *[pulls her off, she crys out. [Exeunt.]*

Cla. Help, Murder, Murder.

Enter Bellmour, Gusman and Jo with a Dark Lanthorn.

Jo. Oh good Sir, for the Lord's Sake go back — upon my Life I saw by the Shadow of the Moon, Arm'd Men and heard the cry of Murder — just then when you bid me scout out as you call'd it.

Bell. Your own Fancy Fool, you saw Arms, as you did Moonshine, when there is no Moon; as for your Ears they are thick they han't been lugg'd a good while.

Jo. Well, I am like the Woman in the Ballad of *Troy Town*, I always speak Truth, but am never believed.

Gus. Now I wou'd go where that Cry of Murder is, for my Desire is a Prison.

Jo. Oh wretched *Jo*, was ever Mortal that lov'd his own dear Person as thou dost condemn'd to follow two Madmen before. —

Bell.

Bell. Peace Coward.

Jo. Ah wou'd but that Name preserve me, I should love it as long as I lived.

Bell. Are we near the Window *Gusman*.

Gus. Just under it.

Bell. Give the Sign then.

Gus. Hem ! hem ! hem ! no answer Sirrah, do you hem, your Lungs are stronger than mine.

Jo. Ah catch me at that Sport — I hem ! I'll hang a soon.

Bell. Raskal ! I'll make you roar out as you us'd to do when the Watch pursu'd you in *Covent-garden*.

Jo. Ah wou'd I were there now, knock'd down by one of their Staves of Authority, I am sure 'tis less danger than being here.

Bell. Hem Scoundrel !

Jo. Hem ! hem !

(very softly.)

Bell. See the Rogue has a Noise without doubt.

Gomez, and several Servants, burst out at the Door, Arm'd with Pistols.

Jo. I have don't indeed, fly, fly, Murder, Murder.

Bell. 'Tis time truly. (they Retreat, Gomez pursues, they fire
(at one another.)

Jo. I am slain, I am kill'd, I am wounded. (falls down.

A Servant enters hastily, and speaks to Gomez.

Serv. My Lord, my Lord, we are beset in the Garden, by twice this Number.

Gom. Thither, thither then, and Bar the Doors, I hope some of these are maul'd. [They go out, and fasten the Doors.

Bell. They have mis'd us *Gusman*, but this fearful Wretch is hurt, I believe.

Jo. Oh, oh. [Groans.

Bell. Where's your Wound.

Jo. I don't know.

Gus. I thought as much.

Jo.

Jo. Oh, oh, yet I feel my self Heartwhole methinks, but I am sure, I have lost a Leg or an Arm.

Bell. Hast thou poor Fellow? Why then you must e'en lie here 'till we can send a Surgeon, and I fear the Enemy will return.

Jo. [*Starts up*] Will they so — no, no, I'll go to the Surgeon then my self, — I thank ye Sir.

Bell. The Rogue's unhurt the *English* Proverb has preserved him.

Jo. No his own Conduct secured him, gad I have Cunning enough to be a General, if I had but a little Courage, but for Heaven's Sake, now let's be gone, think Sir the Pitcher, &c.

Bell. Impertinence — *Gusman* whats next to be done, I wou'd not willingly suspect the Lady.

Jo. I warrant her a Gilt.

Gus. I'll Pawn my Life she knows nothing of it, retire to your Lodgings — the Coach waits, and will conduct you safely back, the *Alquistal* is coming.

Jo. Dear, dear Sir, let us be gone.

Bell. I'll take your Counsel.

Jo. The first that was good you ever followed. [*Aside.*]

Bell. For tho' I love my Mistress well — the Ventures too great to loose, and my Life into the Bargain.

Jo. Ah 'tis a damn'd Lottery, when Death may come instead of a Prize — will you go Sir, I shall be unmannerly else, and lead the Way.

Gus. Sure *Jo* you'll stay with me.

Jo. Say you so. Gad I'll try my Heels first. [*runs out.*]

Bell. How the Rogue Scours — where is this Coach.

Gus. Here at the Door Sir.

Bell. You'll be sure to send.

Gus. I will. [*goes with him, and returns.*] Now for my Purpose.

Enter Alquistal and Officers.

Al. Stand. ———

Gus. I intend it.

Al. What are you, and what was the Uproar, just before the Door of Gomez.

Gus. I kill'd a Man.

Al. Why you must to Prison.

Gus. That is my desire.

Off. And be hang'd.

Gus. Uh!

Off. Pough a Madman, let's not trouble the Corrigidore with him, all's quiet now.

Gus. What will ye not take me to Prison.

Al. Ah Poor Man go Home and Sleep ——— come, come to our Rounds, *(Exeunt.)*

Gus. It is impossible to compass my Design.

Lisset I wou'd thy Fellow Prisoner be

But the same Fate which others shun Flies me. *(Exit)*

Scene, the Garden-House Apartment. Enter Laura and Beatrice.

Lau. I wonder they are not come ——— how cruel is this Delay.

Bea. Ay your Minds employed upon a Handsome young Man and you won't listen to me, but I am sure I have heard terrible Noises, about the palace on every side.

Lau. P'haw the Wench is a Fool fear always deceives both the Ears and the Eyes 'tis fear only has made all the Hobgoblins since Adam.

Bea. If you had seen what I have seen.

Lau. Peace they Come.

Enter

Enter Lisset with Gay-Love with a Handkerchief ty'd over his Eyes.

Liss. Madam I have brought him Hoodwink'd like a Hawk, and now at once, I let him loose upon his Prey.
[unbinds him.]

Gay. Ay Faith Madam — my little *Ganemede* has whisk-ed me up and down the Lord knows where, in the Dark, but landing me here, I forgive the Fatigue.

Lau. Nay, 'tis a Mad Rogue that's the Truth on't, and had not Breeches secur'd her, I shou'd scarce have ventur'd her with you

Gay. A Woman, Gad I mistrusted it, she was so pert, and so pretty — Woe had been unto ye, if I had known it, when we were at Blind-mans Buff together just now.

Liss. Fear him not Madam, your mighty Threatners seldom prove so terrible.

Gay. Malice — well my Dear invinsible, let us now come to an Enclariffment, give me to know, to whom I have Mortgaged my Heart, for the Possession of that fair Tene-ment, and what my hopes must depend on.

Lau. How assur'd the little false Villain is, why have you forgot the violent Love you made to the *Donna* in distress.

Gay. No, no, I remember it full well, and thought I had lock'd her up too — but how she escaped, indeed is past my Understanding — and for that Affair your self can Wit-ness I left you to seek ye.

Lau. Um — you thought you had secur'd me, tho' — however the utmost Limits of that Time I can call my own, drawing near, I resolve to make a full discovery, Opportunities being precious in our Country — know then I am Sister to a Man of Quality — who is severe and positive — my Fortunes are very considerable and ought to be freely at my Command; but this Brother of mine assum-ing a Tyrannick Power, Condemns me and my Estate to an Old, Horrid, Abominable, Intollerable Fellow.

I

Gay.

Gay. A most intollerable Case I am sure — come to my Arms, my Fair, where I for ever will secure thee from these Impending Dangers.

Lau. Not so fast my Mercurial Friend — Yes your Arms are always open to receive the distress'd. I'll say that for ye — hear me out, now 'tis in the Ambassadors Power to defend me from my Brother's Authority, till my case is heard — *Lisset* who passes for an *Eunuch*, and by that means has great Credit with the old Man, can let us out by the Garden.

Gay. Ay or Conjure us out, I suppose 'tis all one with her.

Lau. Whilst your Friend *Bellmour* conducts the other way, *Clarinda* who has also great Complaints to make.

Gay. You shall surely find both Justice and Redress, nor will I doubt yours to remember your Deliverers.

Lau. I never was Ungrateful — but tell me sincerely do the Wives in *England* pass their Days so deliciously as *Fame* reports, do they go where, and when they please without giving their Husbands any account of it.

Gay. Account! Oh fie, 'tis the worst bred thing in the World on either side, to examine. They play Masquerade, Dance, in fine, possess all Diversions without Interruption or Controul

Liss. Oh sweet *England* — I don't wonder at your Ladyship for chusing a Cavalier of that Country to give you Freedom, for here if you had changed your old *Spaniard* for a young, the Confinement had been the same.

Gay. Come dear Madam, let the Terrour of the Old Man hasten your Flight, I long till I have you in safety.

Lau. I run a strange Risque — but my case is desperate *Lisset* lead the Way; *Beatrice* follow close.

Gay. Your Hand my fair Adventurer. [a noise without.]

Lau. Bless me, what noise is that.

Liss. Heavens! *Gomez* and half a Dozen Ruffians Arm'd with Swords and Pistols. [looks about.]

Gay. Ha, then I am betrayed, oh faithless Woman, but I will sell my Life and dearly too. (Draws)

Lau. Oh Hold!

Gay.

Gay. Off Madam there's no jesting now.

Lau. You think me base and the appearance is against me, yet by all that's good, I swear I am Innocent, if I you have any regard for me or Truth, this way fly your Sword is vain.

Liss. Oh Madam they come!

Lau. Hold the Door a Moment — pray this way Sir.

Gay. Perhaps to greater Dangers.

Lau. Upon my Soul, you will be safe, do but step up and go along between the Rafters.

Gay. Supposing this is true, I leave you to suffer.

Lau. I can escape, indeed I can.

Liss. Nay, dally not, they enter.

Lau. For Heaven's Sake Sir.

Gay. Farewel, I do, I know not what.

[He seems to get up, going out.]

Lau. He's gone, and all good Stars protect him.

Enter Gomez and Servants Arm'd.

So what *Capricio* — now to disturb my Peace, and wrack me with your unreasonable *Jelousies*.

Go. Ah *Liscias* art thou there — I am undone *Liscias*, the House is beset all round, and they say a Young Man came out of the Garden into this Apartment.

Liss. Only the Shadow of a Man, upon my Word my Lord; 'twas I.

Go. Was it indeed — alas I'm at my Wits End, go secure *Laura* with *Clarinda* — guard them as you would your Lives — for if they stir you dye, odso.

Lau. What new piece of Matchless Tyranny is this, my Brother cou'd not sure design I shou'd be us'd thus.

Go. I'll answer it to her Brother — away with her.

Lau. Villain, Monster — (Exit forc't off.)

Liss. My Noble Lord — may I inquire how you are threatned and what the danger is, that thus alarms ye.

Go. *Liscias* all my Affairs go wrong — I fear a Nephew is returned whom I thought dead — Villainous *Pedro* seems to confess it — and that which adds most to my Spleen, is, sending to Prison, I find that damn'd Devil *Lisset's* escap'd, I am sure her Wit's employed in these confounded Plot against me.

Liss. Is't possible.

(*Trembling.*)

Go. Too sure — con'd I but catch her, this Dagger shou'd Sacrifice her immediately; first I'de rip up her Face, which she loves better than her Soul.

Liss. Oh Heavens!

(*aside*)

Go. Tear her Flesh with burning Pincers red hot, ay red hot, — odso use Fire, Water, all the Plagues Mankind, or the Devil ever invented — you tremble *Liscias*.

Liss. Do I Sir, 'tis with Rage then to see you thus abused — instruct me to revenge your Wrongs, and your Foes shall Tremble.

Go. Listen then to my designs, here I'll leave thee to guard the Women — whilst I have my Coaches made ready and will this Night meet *Lauras's* Brother upon the Road put her into his Hands, and force *Clarinda* to leave *Spain* with me, you'll with us *Liscias*.

Lis. Most certainly, do you think I'll leave my Dear, Dear Lord, whose Inclinations suits mine exactly to punish Woman kind.

Go. Ay! *Liscias* — when I stand in fear of no Secrets being discovered — then we'll Tyrannize at pleasure; well I'll prepare for our Journey; if *Clarinda* resists, suppose I strangle her ha, don't they strangle disobedient Wives in *Turkey*, ha *Liscias*.

Lis. Yes my dear Lord, (*Aside*) oh Horrid. Heaven send me a Diliverance from thy Clutches, I say. (*Exeunt.*)

Scene.

The Scene changes to Bellmour's Apartment, He sits Reading.

Enter Jo.

Bell. What no news of *Gaylove*.

Jo. None Sir, none, ah there never comes good of these Mad Attempts — 'tis more Heavens Mercy, than our deserts, that we are safe.

Bell. Better a thousand such as thee was Sacrificed, than *Gaylove* Fall.

Jo. Doctors differ — I am not of your Opinion Sir.

Bell. My Heart akes for him — heark what noise is that.

Jo. Noise ! Swords and Pistols perhaps — I dare not look out.

Enter Gaylove, as having leap'd down.

Gay. Where am I now ? I have been almost stiff'd between the Rafters — ha ? a *Spaniard* the very Husband perhaps to my very Woman — well there's no retreating, I must stand my Ground — *Don !* Necessity forc'd me to intrude, 'twas to preserve a Life, which Nature bids me thus defend *(Draws)*

Bell. Heavens ! what do I see.

Gay. *Bellmour* — *Jo.*

Jo. Ay, ay, the same dear Sir, the same put up, put up.

(hanging about him.)

Gay. If I had not seen thy Fool's Face, I had been tilting at *Bellmour* with his grave Appearance of a *Spaniard*.

Bell. How came ye hither, I am amaz'd.

Gay. Faith so am I — here must be a communication for squeezing my self as far as I cou'd go, something gave way and I drop'd down.

Bell. What can it mean.

Jo. Nay, 'tis Art magick that's certain.

Gay.

Gay. Coxcomb — I confess it is strange, I am sure I was a considerable time in going to the Place, and made a hundred Turnings.

Bell. So did I, both going and coming back — we must Examine into it.

Jo. No Matter, no matter — as long as we are safe what need we care how — only run your selves no more into the Snare.

Gay. I'll find this out, tho' I ventur'd ten Thousand Lives.

Bell. And I.

Jo. With all my Heart Gentlemen — only leave poor Jo at Home, who desires to serve you in Peace and Quietness.

Enter Don Philip and Emilia.

Gay. Ha *Emilia* and *Don Philip* at this time of Night.

Em. Brother I am glad to find you, and your Friend here, *Don Philip* begs your Assistance, to free an oppress'd Lady, from most unjust usage.

Jo. Good Madam don't draw us into more dangers, we have been endeavouring to free oppress'd Ladies all this Night — and been shot, and run through ten times, and had a Thousand Misfortunes besides.

Bell. Peace Raschal. — We shall be ambitious to serve *Don Philip*.

Gay. With our Lives and Fortunes.

Don. Phil. Sir I did attempt to do my self Justice, but my Force being repell'd by Force, I am obliged to desire you wou'd appear with me, the Inquisitor General is come to the Ambassadors, his Officers he has lent me, and I have now hopes my sister may be delivered.

Em. Dear Brother help this unhappy Lady, whose Story I have heard and shall wait with Impatience till your Return, and send my Prayers along with you.

Jo. Dear Madam let me stay and pray too, I can pray as heartily in a fright, as e'er a blind Beggar of them all.

Gay. Pry'thee Coward stay, ill Luck attends where ever the Buzzard goes.

Jo. Ay call what you please — do but leave me behind.

Em. I'll retire and prepare every thing for your Reception.

Phil. My whole Life must be one Acknowledgment.

Jo. And mine for being left out at this Adventure.

Phil. Come Gentlemen.

Both. We attend ye.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

Scene the Garden-House. Enter Laura, Clarinda, Liffet and Beatrice.

Cla. We are ruin'd — we must throw our selves into the Hands of Wild Young Men, or else be murdered by a cruel Old one.

Lau. For my part I'll trust my self with all the Young Fellows in Christendom — e'er I venture my Life with a Blind old Villain of Fourscore.

Liff. You are in the right Madam — for I have told you his Bloody purpose — he swore to strangle you, and to deliver you (to *Clarinda*) this Night into your Brother's Hands.

Lau. That's as bad — I had as leive dye, as part with my dear Wild Englishman.

Bea. Why do ye delay then — when you may be safe — that passage *Donna Laura* made for her Diversi-
on, when the Ambassador's House stood so long empty, now may save your Lives.

Cla. I dare not venture.

Lau. Will ye be left behind, for I will positively go.

Liff. And I, for never poor Wretch was threatned like me.

A noise without — Murder, Murder, break down the Door.

Cla. Ha, he is killing all the Servants that take our parts,
away, away. —

Lau. So, so, now the greatest Coward goes first, on, oh,
[*the Women runs off.*]

They

They break down the Door. Enter Don Philip, Gomez guarded Gaylove, Bellmour, &c.

Phil. Villain where's my Sister, my Orphan Sister, left to thy false Care.

Go. Unhand me Raskals — feize a Man in his own House.

Phil. 'Tis done by Law, Answer me, where's my Sister.

Go. The Women under my care, I lock'd and barr'd in this Room.

Phil. Falsehood — here's no body.

Gay. Oh that's a common thing in *Spain*, I have lock'd and double lock'd my Door, with substantial Persons in my Room, and at my Return found no body.

Bell. Peace *Gaylove* — by this deformed Old Man the Women they are in Quest of, must be our Angels.

Gay. Ay but where are they — now suppose after all they shou'd be Fairies, Zilphs, Salamanders, Fantons, Spectres.

Bell. Foolheads — prythee Peace.

Phil. Here's no Creature — bring him to the *Inquisitor* General — there he shall Confess.

Go. Perhaps my Honest cunning *Eunuch* has conveyed them out — I'll bear up. (*Aside*) Have me where you will — a Grandee of *Spain* must have Justice.

Phil. Bring him along to the Ambassadors.

Gay. I am Big with Expectation.

Bell. So am I.

(*Exeunt*)

Scene Bellmour's Lodging. The Inquisitor seated, attended by Officers.

Inqui. Have they taken Gomez.

Off. Yes my Lord, here they come.

Enter

Enter Don Philip, Bellmour, Gaylove, Gomez guarded.

Inqui. *Don Gomez* you stand accused of most Notorious Crimes.

Go. My Lord *Inquisitor* if you but knew. —

Inqui. First hear your charge — *Don Philip* justify your late Impeachment.

Phil. My Lord, this cruel Man, half Brother to my Father was left by him Guardian to my self and Sister — me he wou'd have murdered — my Poor Sister, he most Incestuously has forced to Wed him.

Go. False all False the young Man has broke my commands, and left the *Indies*, and now Invents this Story.

Gay. What an old Dog's this *Bellmour*, and what Justice it would be to make him a Cuckold.

Bell. Right — Marry his Niece a Monster.

Phil. This my Lord, the Inquisition reaches.

Inqui. *Gomez* These are horrid Crimes, what can'st thou say.

Go. My Lord, upon my Honour every Article is false, his Sister *Clarinda* is in a Monastery at *Toledo*, my Wife indeed is young and bears that Name, which I suppose creates the hot-brain'd mistake.

Inq. You hear this *Don Philip*.

Go. (*Aside*) I hope my dear *Liscias*, has secured or stab'd the Woman, no matter which.

Phil. Bring in *Pedro* — whom in the Dungeon my Servants found.

Inq. Know you Friend if the Lady, *Don Gomez* calls Wife, is Sister to this Lord, and his own Neice.

Ped. My Lord she is, I have serv'd them from their Infancy.

Go. Hear me my Lord *Inquisitor* — this Servant is a Hired Ruffian — must one who wears these Robes born Noble, be thus betray'd by pejur'd Servants and wild Debauchees.

Enter

I

Enter

Enter Gusman.

Gus. So now I have found Justice sitting in state, sure I shall compass my design. My Lords and Gentlemen, I am the Man that has been the Abettor Contriver and head maker of all these Plots.

Inq. What Fellow's this.

Bell. Is not this our Pimp in Ordinary.

Gay. The same ——— he is a little Craz'd too ; really the People are all mad in *Spain*.

Inq. What can't thou say.

Gus. My Lord I can say a great deal ——— but I desire first, to be sent to Prison, and then let me be examined.

Inq. Take him back, he's a Fool or a Madman.

Off. Bear back, bear back.

Gus. I won't bear back ——— can't you send me to Prison, for Contempt of the Court.

Off. Silence.

Inq. *Gomez* since thou objects against the Evidence, produce thy Wife, and that will end the Matter.

Go. I cannot well my Lord, she is secur'd at present, against their Violence.

Phil. The Archbishop of *Toledo* knows the Matter, he is in *Madrid*.

Go. That touches Home. (*Aside*) My Lord defer it but 'till to Morrow I will give you Satisfaction.

Phil. Let him bring forth my Sister, good my Lord.

Enter Emilia, Clarinda, Laura vail'd, Lisset, Beatrice and Jo.

Cl. (*catching hold of Philip*) My Dearest Brother.

Phil. My only Sister.

Bell. Give me a part I pray, I am sure I have ventur'd my Life for't. (*taking hold of the other Hand.*

Jo. And I also.

Gay. Ah, ha my fair invisible ——— now I have caught this Hand agen in my Territories, we sink or swim together, rise or fall for upon Honour we part no more. *Lau.*

Lau. Hold fast then — 'tis soft and slippery.

Go. 'Tis time for me to get off, odso. *(is going.)*

Inq. Secure *Gomez* — is this your Sister *Don Philip*.

Phil. My Lord she is, and let her now declare her Usage.

Cla. Safe in this Presence, I'll unfold a Tale will strike ye with amazement, that Old Wretch — whom I shou'd reverence, but for his deeds — came to me, and with a lift up dagger swore if I wou'd not consent to be his Bride, that Moment was my last. Your Brother said he with a Malicious Smile shall never Plague me more — Report confirm'd his Death, the Terrour of my own made me consent.

Phil. What dost thou then consent.

Bell. Ah I'me in an cold Sweat agen *Gaylarve*.

Gay. Listen.

Cla. Yes, I yielded to pass for his Wife, and give my Fortunes up.

Bell. Oh ho, to pass for his Wife only.

Cla. His designs were to leave *Spain* — then I suppose I cou'd have made no more Conditions.

Inq. Barbarous Man what canst thou plead.

Go. Nothing — I am ruined past Redemption; odso!

Lau. That thou art indeed, odso!

Go. *Liscias*, Traytor, *Eunuch*, how came these Women here.

Liss. Stand by me, stand by me now, and I will tell him who I am.

Gay. I warrant thee no Danger, speak boldly.

Liss. I am not *Liscias Don*, nor an *Eunuch Don*, but an Arrant Damsel *Don*, and your *Quondam* injured Maid *Lisset*, odso!

Go. Oh Confusion!

Gus. What my *Lisset*? *(runs to her.)*

Liss. Yes your *Lisset* that you have kept such a Pother, about fool.

Inq. What other Ladies that?

Lau. My Lord.

Gay. Hold not a step without me.

Lau. My Lord, my Fortunes large, and at my own disposal yet by the Instigation of that old Man, my Brother, *Don Lewis* has plaid the Tyrant with me beyond a Mortals Patience — thus us'd I have cast my self, under the Ambassadour's Protection 'till I obtain Relief.

Inq. Madam you have done well — *Don Gomez* you must with me, and give a strict Account to my Brethren of the Inquisition for all these Enormous Crimes.

Go. Thus my ill gotten Wealth must be restored, and Curses follow it wheresoer'e it Lights.

Lau. Ay, ay, no matter for that Old Drybones, now we are rid of you.

Gay. Oh happy Hours --- now tell us, which way you came and let the Riddle cease. (*Exit Inquisitor, Officers and Gomez.*)

Em. That I must do — as I was sitting in Care for your bold Enterprize — these Ladies enter'd, equally surpris'd we seem'd, till after some eager Questions I found them the Ladies you had undertook to free.

Gay. Ay but Sister how did you find them, did they fly in at the Window down the Chimney between the Rasters or how.

Lau. I'll satisfy you old Impatience — thro' the very Passage you came, which I having an Ingenious Fellow that attended me when the House was empty, contriv'd, so that the Wainscoat opens and shuts without the least Discovery.

Gay. And thus you have played your Tricks and overheard all our Secrets.

Lau. Yea verily; and tho' you were hurried up and down in truth the Houses joyn, and the *Piazza* is the same.

Gay. Well well, you have been so often in my Bed Chamber that after a little Church Ceremony I shall certainly claim you for a Bedfellow.

Lau. Hold hold, you are quite to begin a new, Young Man, and all these Frolicks are to pass for a Dream.

Gay. Nay it has been a little Visionary I confess; but in Love and War we never lose the least Advantage, nor cease till we come to an absolute Conquest.

Lau. Look how our Grave Friends are proceeding.

Phil.

Phil. (to Bell.) What you say is so honourable, that I am sure I shall encourage it — my self having no other Aim than the happiness of being allied to you.

Em. Time must bring these things to pass, the Ambassador is prepared to receive the Ladies.

Gla. I can never sufficiently praise Heaven and you, for my Deliverance.

Bell. If you are kind the happiness is mine.

Lau. What says *Lisset*? To her we are obliged for these Delights.

Liss. Faith Madam, I am in a high dispute with *Gusman*, I tell him I have gotten such a smack of Liberty, and such a Taste of wearing the Breeches, I shall never make a good Spanish Wife nor indure to be locked up.

Gus. I am content to run the Risque of that and I think in Justice, I deserve you fair Maid.

Gay. Pough, when the Ambassador returns we'll all Sail for merry *England*, where there still lives Freedom, Pleasure, and Smiling Joy.

Jo. What are you all joyning *Pellmell*, methinks now my frights are over, my Appetite's a little up, here stands a Mistress prim behind, mighthap she may like (*to Beatrice*) my proper Person; what say you forsooth, I'll tell you what you must trust to — I have a Serving Man's Portion do you see, who for many Years of Slavery can easily give you the Sum total of his Fortunes. *Item* a Silver Watch, two Gold Rings about three Guineas before Hand, and as many suits of Apparel.

Bea. So you'd have me put my stock to this fair Inventory; which will scarce hold the Year round to keep that sleek Face of yours in idleness and good Eating — then I must be left with my Arms full of Squaling misery, either to keep you or be kept my self by the Parish.

Jo. Nay if you are so short, Iha done, I am soon snub'd, do you see.

Bell. No, no it must be *St. Valentines* Day and all must pair.

Gay. *Jo.* shall be provided for.

Lau. And *Beatrice* if they can agree.

Bea.

Phil.

Bea. Thank your Honour, we'll consider on't.

Jo. That we will for I like that Squaling misery no more than your self — I tell you that.

Em. Brother, is the Musick gone, you had just now.

Gay, I believe not.

Em. Pray let us entertain the Ladies after their Hrights

Gay. With all my Heart — *Jo* call in the Musick.

Song and Dance.

Thus our Adventures end in perfect Joy
And Vertue shall my future Thoughts Employ:
You the Sole Mistress of my Heart shall Reign,
And more than Freedom, I will love my Chain.

Jo. All are fixed — I am sure that pleases me,
I hope from Danger, honest *Jo* is free.
Had fighting Sparks my Mind, all Wars wou'd cease
And the whole World like me, grow Fat in Peace.

